



Fun and Frolic.

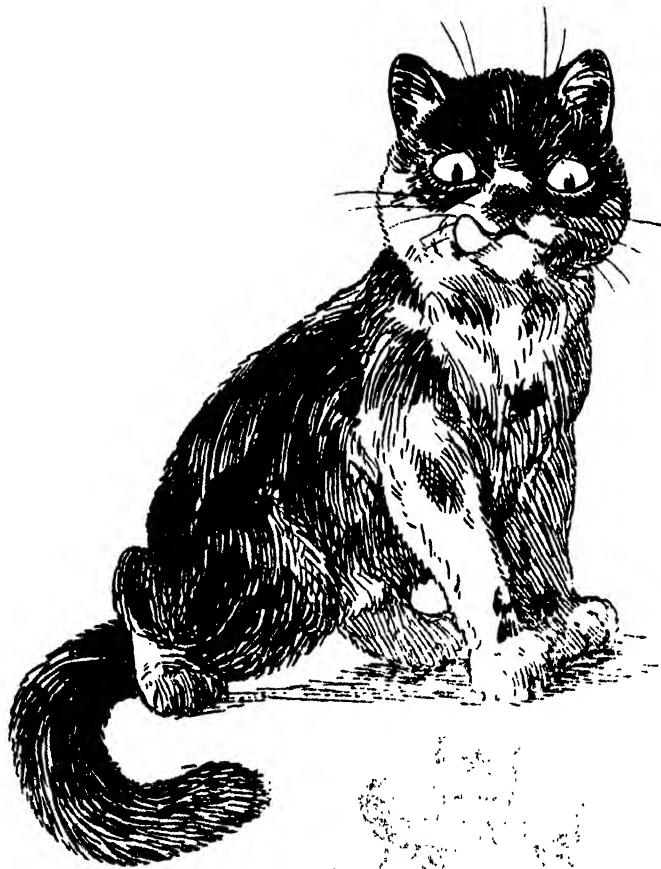
By

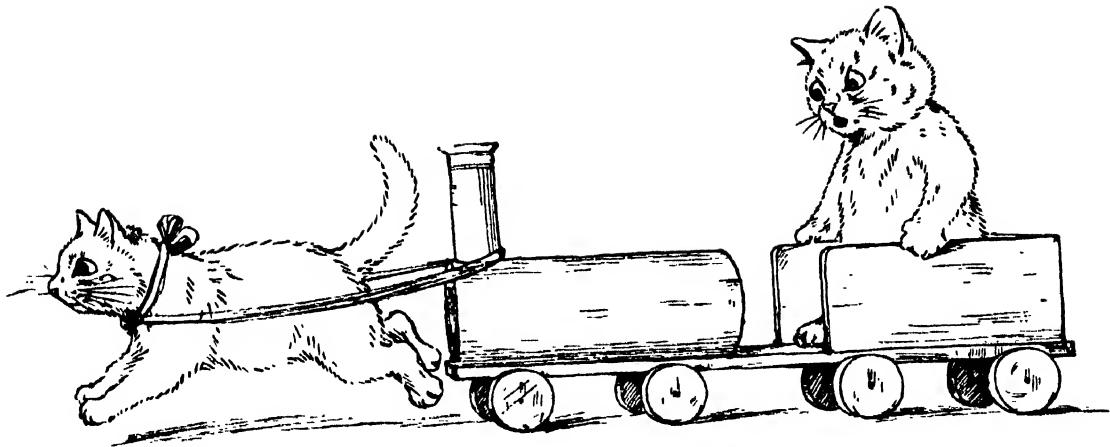
Louis Wain

and

Clifton

Bingham





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—16 (U.S.)—

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Hun and Frolic.



The Judge.



THIS is Lord Chief Justice Mew.

And a very good Judge too -

The best that ever wore a gown of silk.

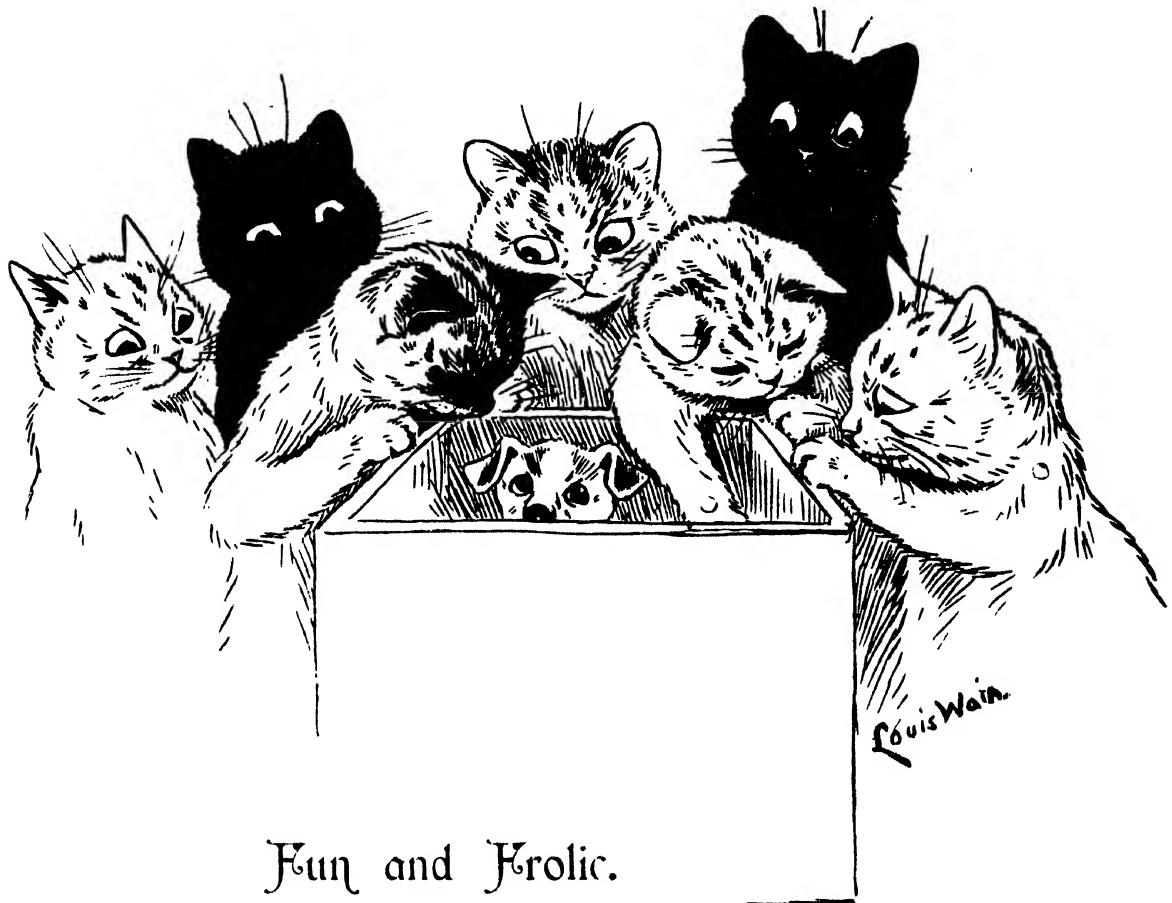
You should see his solemn face

When he has to hear a case

Of putting chalk-and-water into milk!

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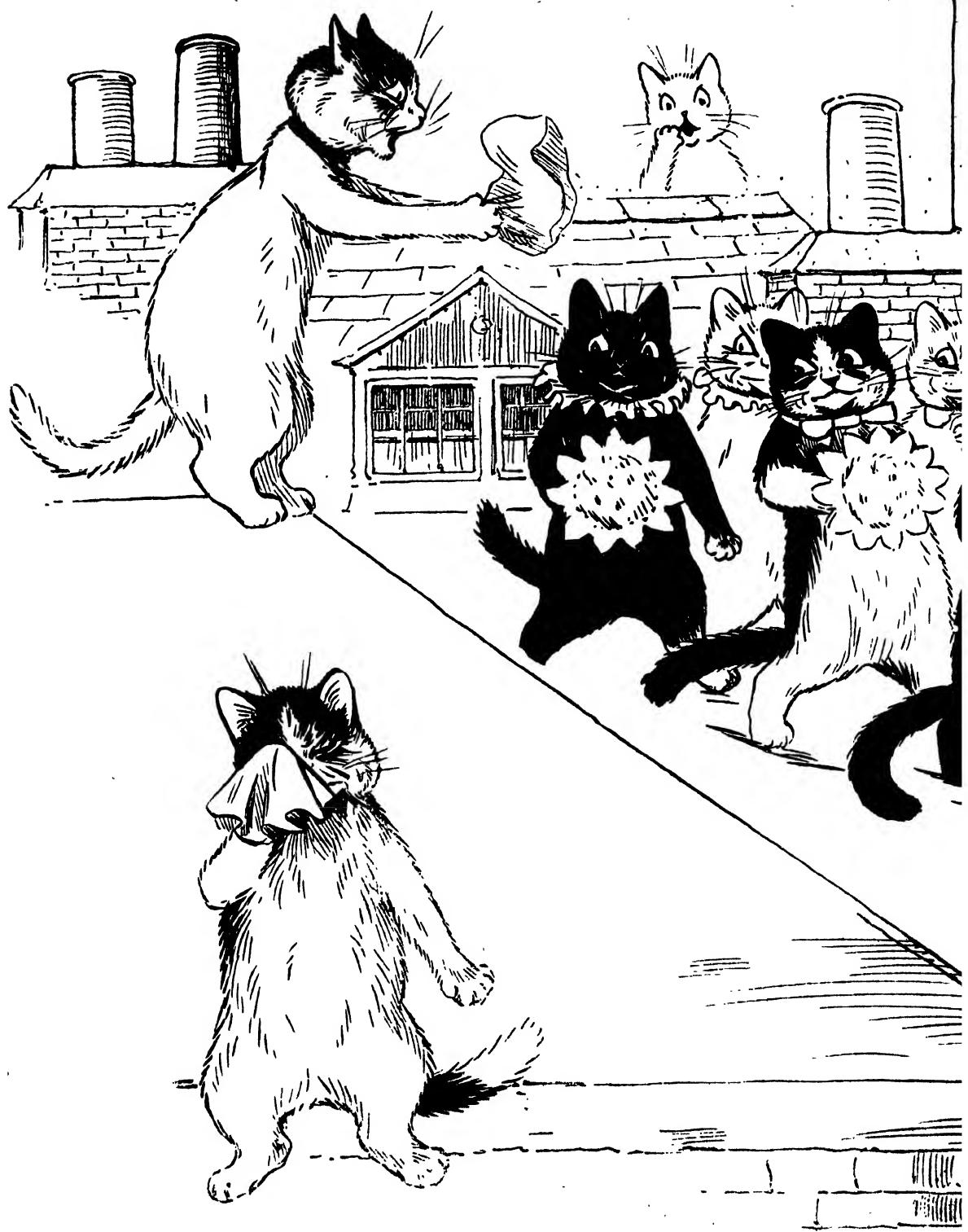
Fun and Frolic.

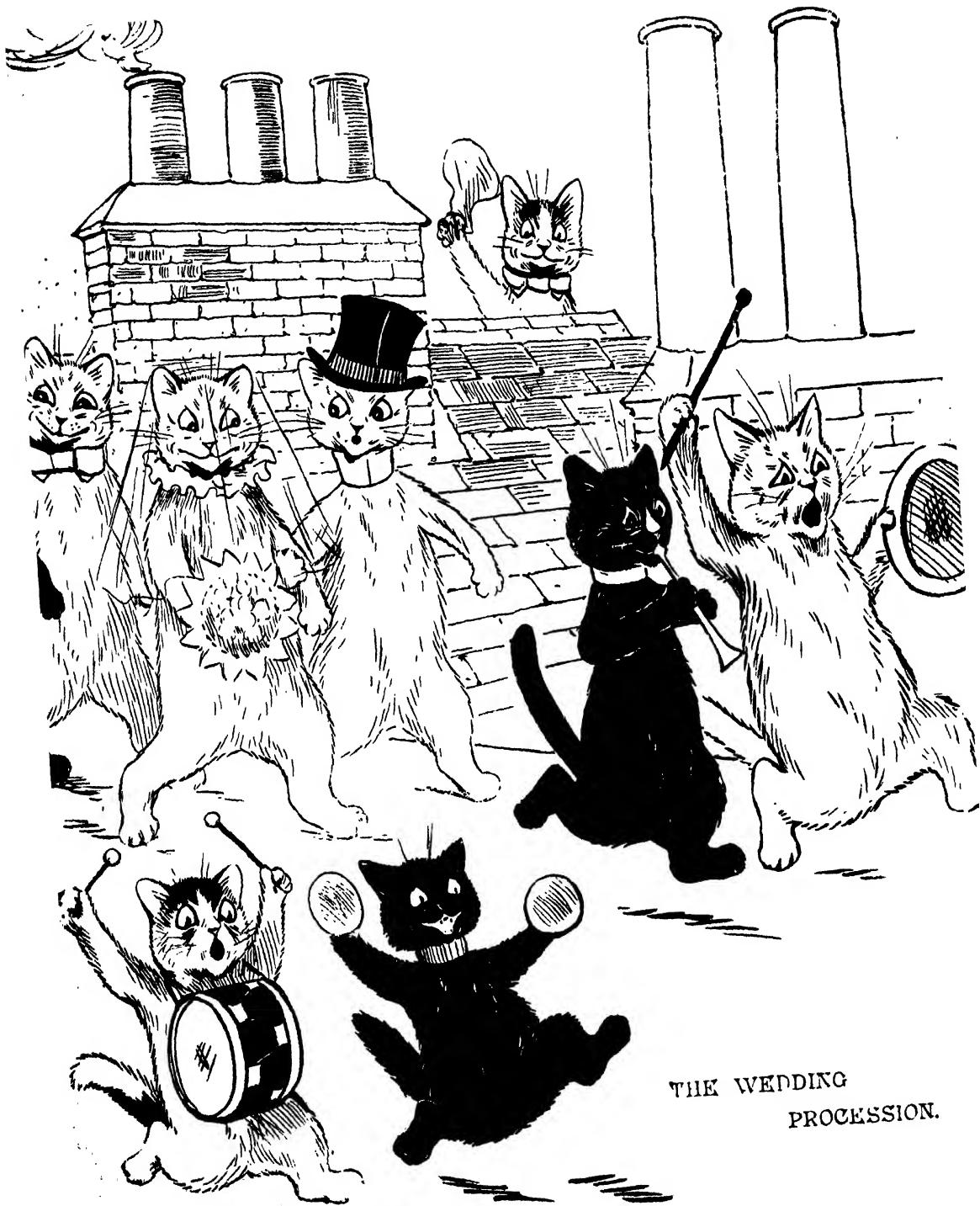
CATS! Cats! all sorts and sizes,
Cats who've taken lots of prizes,
With now and then a puppy Dog
Included in the catalogue.

Cats sedate and Cats mysterious,
Kittens who will not look serious,
Some catching Mice, some playing pranks;
And one without a tail, from Manx.

Cats who move in good society,
And behave with much propriety;
And visitors besides, you know—
They've come to see the Pussy Show.







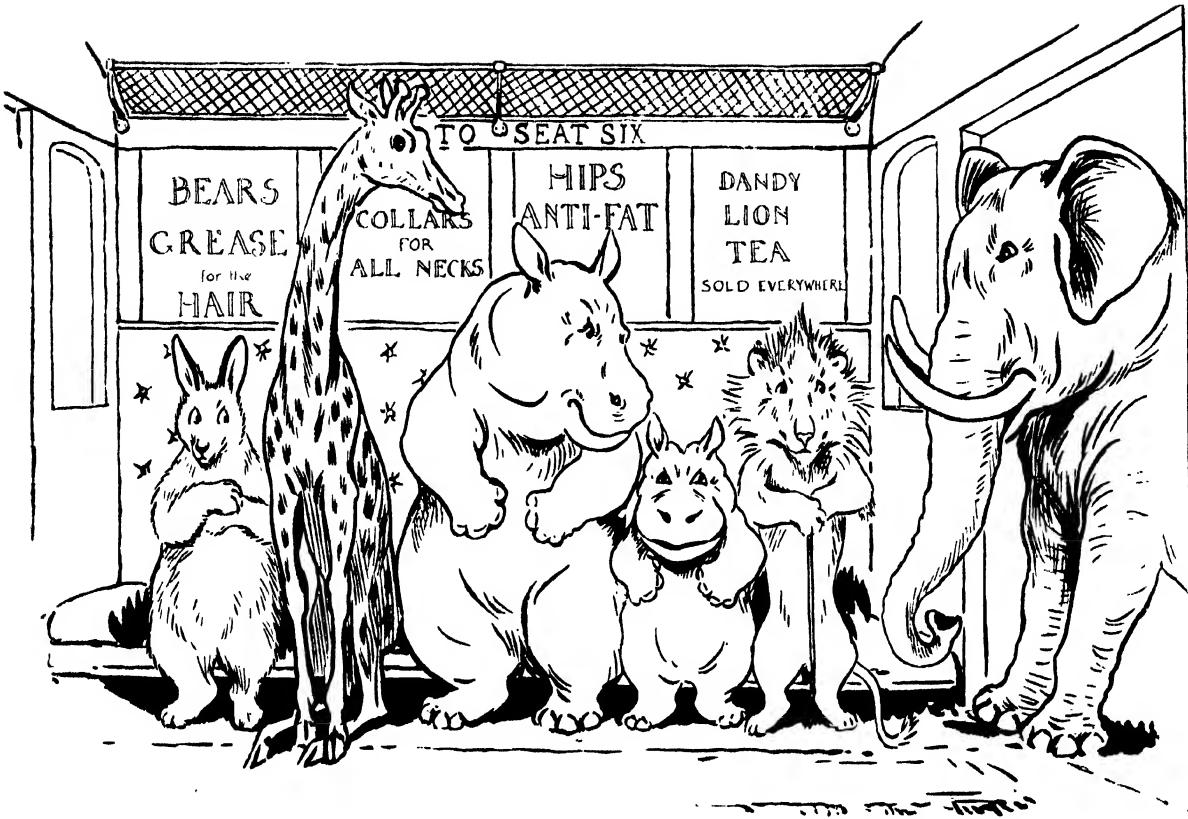
THE WEDDING
PROCESSION.



The Cats' Wedding.

THE tiles for miles
were all astic
When Miss Mew
married Mr. Purr-
Their friends
were all invited.
The other Cats
all came to see
How nice a bride
Miss Mew could be—
The Kittens
were excited!

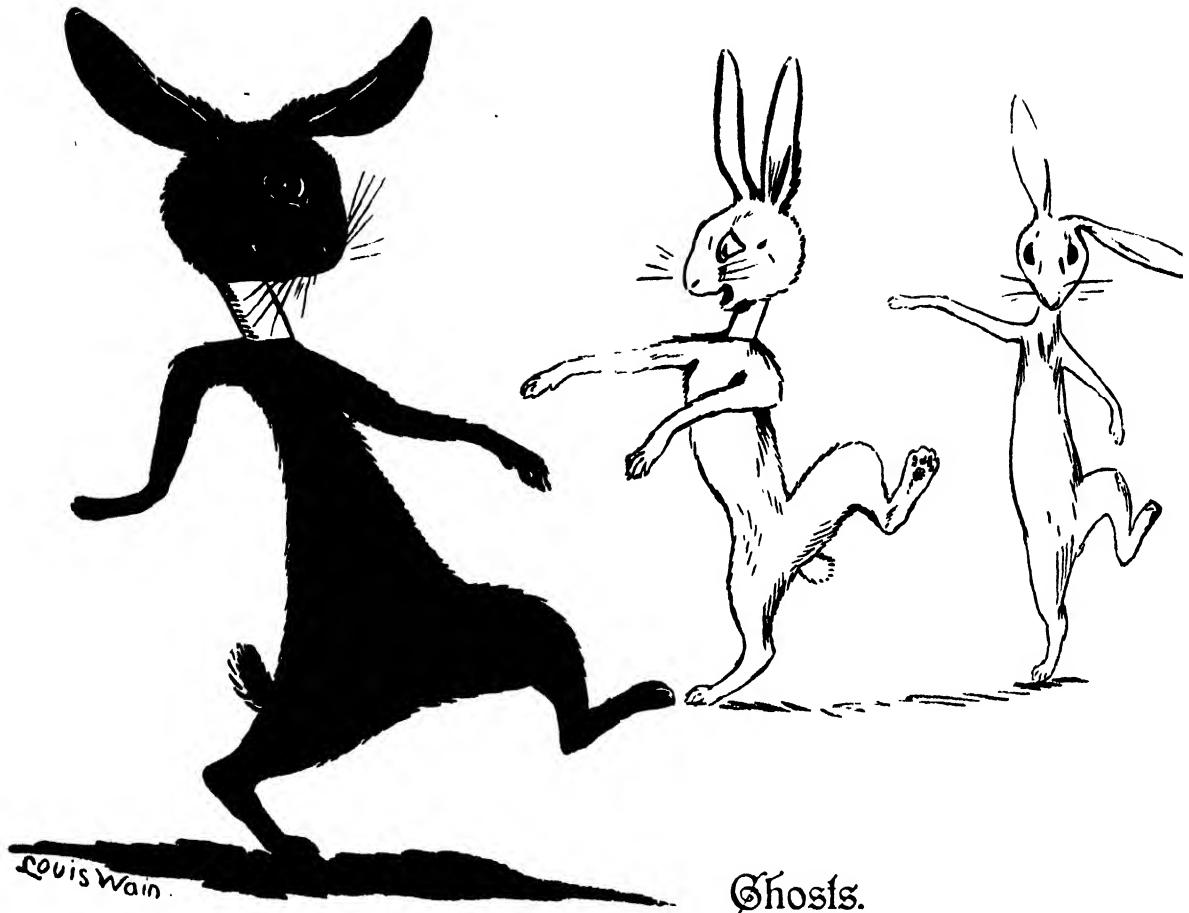
And when 'twas over, one and all
Were present at the wedding ball—
The dancing there was splendid.
The only one who wasn't gay
Was poor old Tom; but he, they say,
Was once Miss Mew's intended.



No Luggage Allowed.

"No room indeed! Conductor, hi!
You must find room for me—
If I don't catch this omnibus,
I shan't get home to tea!"

"No luggage is allowed in here,"
The passengers all cried;
"We'll try and find you room, but you
Must leave your trunk outside!"



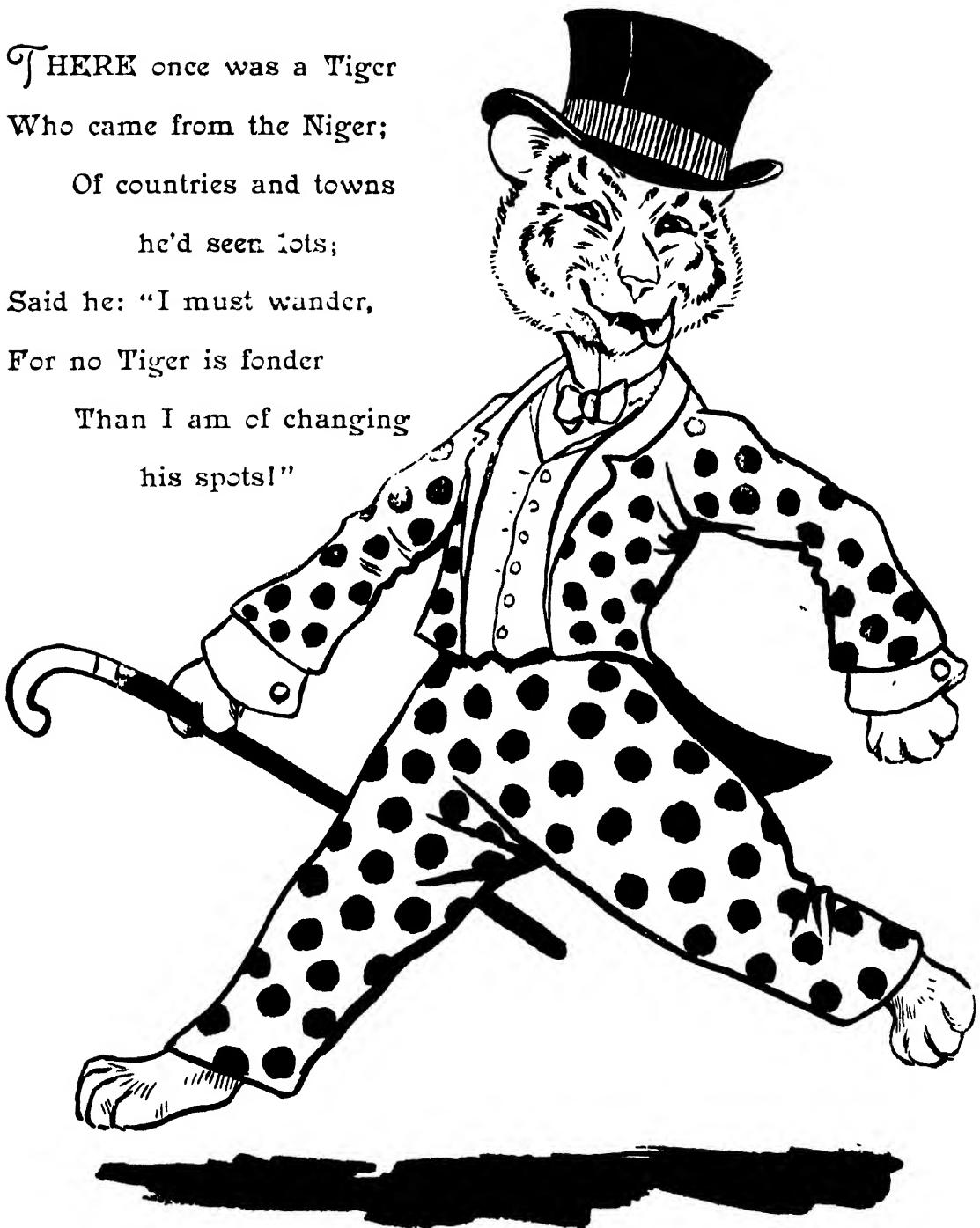
Ghosts.

GOING home quite late one night,
Bunny had a dreadful fright;
For he saw two Bunny ghosts,
White and ugly, so he boasts!

Bunny says he saw them dance;
Then he ran while he'd the chance.
Since he saw that dreadful sight
He goes early home at night!

Changing His Spots.

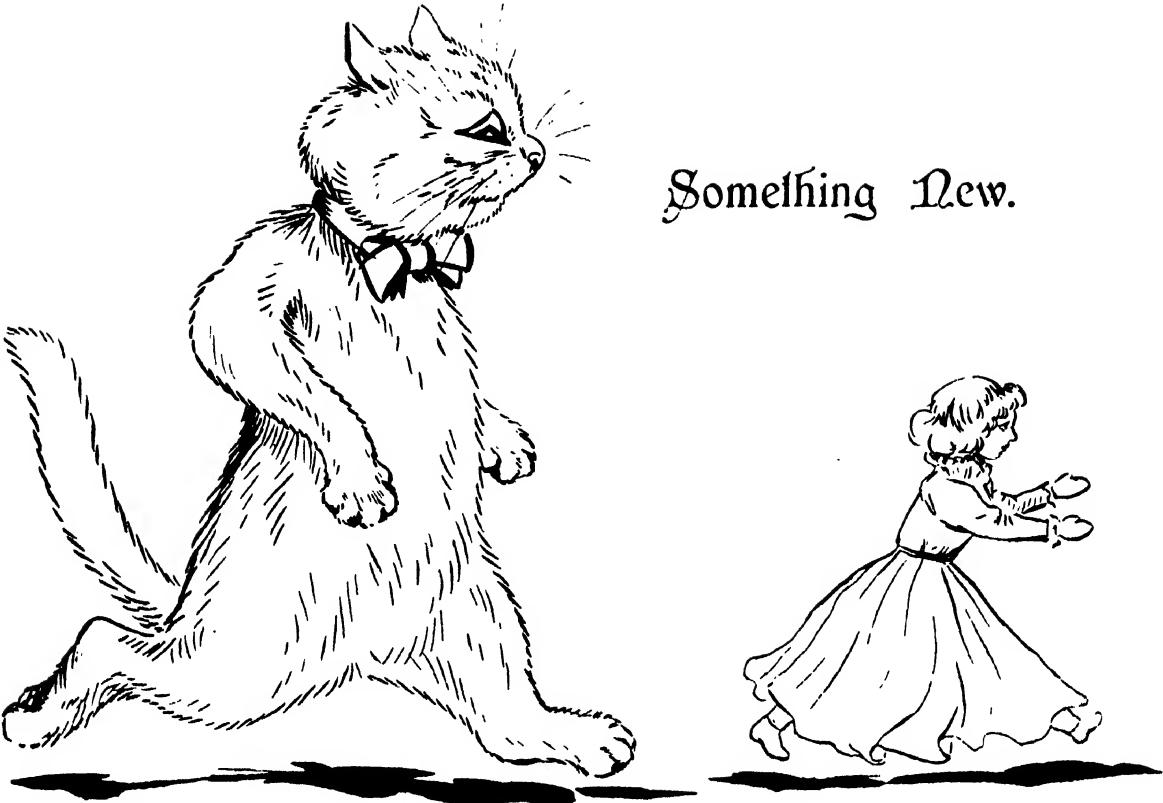
THERE once was a Tiger
Who came from the Niger;
Of countries and towns
he'd seen lots;
Said he: "I must wander,
For no Tiger is fonder
Than I am of changing
his spots!"



The Twins.

MAMMA BRUIN has two such beautiful twins,
As like one another as two new pins;
Sometimes she cannot tell one from the other:
Then Mamma Bear is a puzzled mother!





Something New.

"I'M sick and tired," said Tabbykins,
"Of ordinary Mice;
I want a taste of something new—
I'm sure it would be nice."

Upon the nursery floor she found,
Did that fastidious Cat,
Her mistress's new walking doll,
And cried, "Oh, look at that!"



The Old Tin Can.

AN old tin can—
Of no sort of use to woman or man,
Battered and leaky, its labours done,
“Throw it away,” said everyone.

An old tin can—
And out in the street a Puppy ran,
Ugly and hungry, with a tail
Long and thin as a tenpenny nail!

An old tin can—

But someone found out a splendid plan

To make it useful even now:

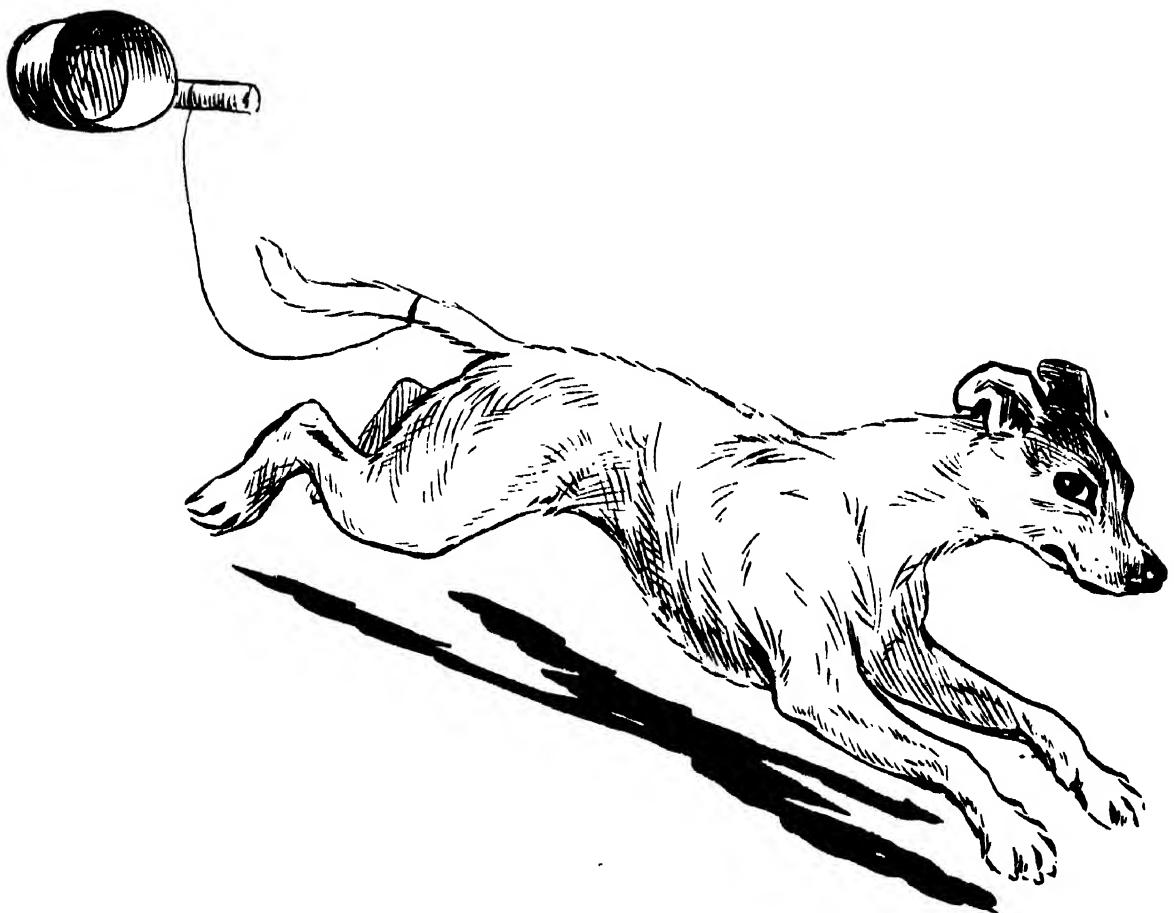
Read a bit more, you'll find out how.

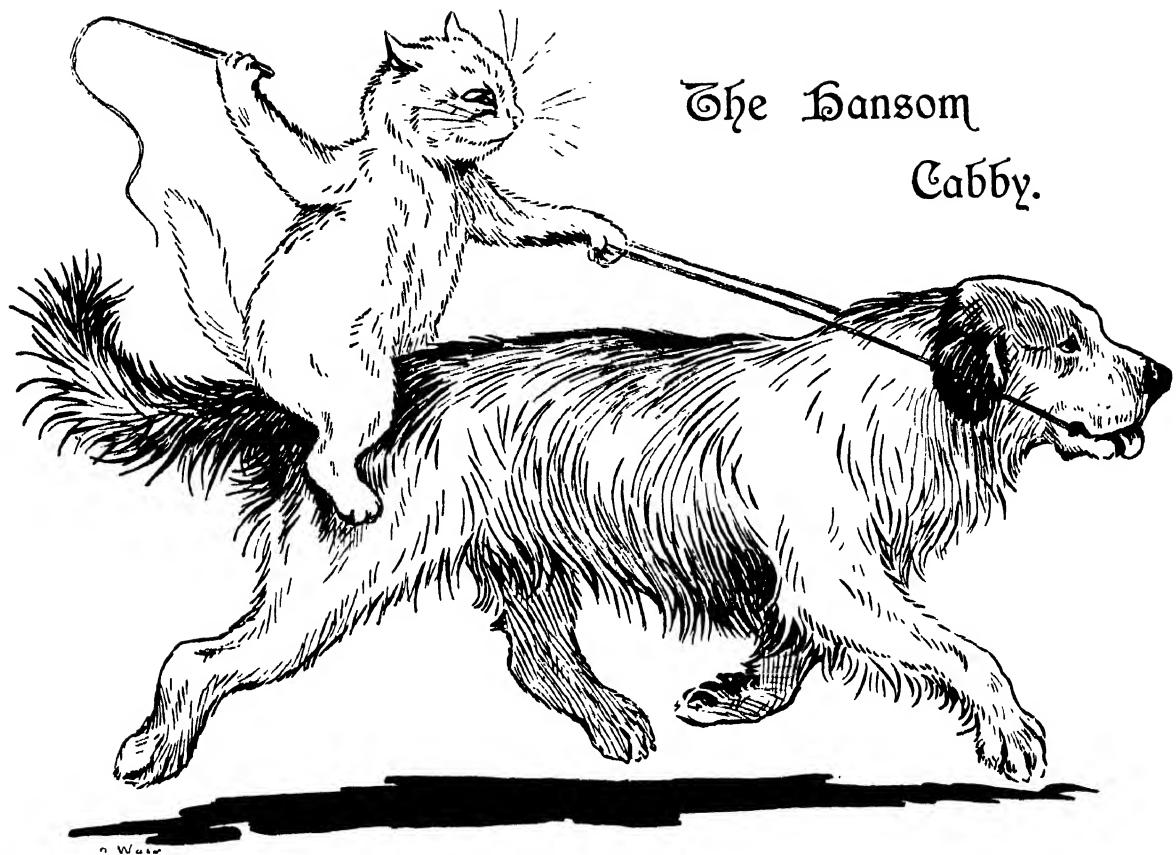
An old tin can —

Clitter-clatter away the Dog ran!

Tied to his tail by those wicked boys,

'Twas useful for making a dreadful noise!





The Hansom
Cabby.

“WHO'D ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,

Or anywhere else?” cried Tabby;

“My shaggy brown steed is far better indeed,

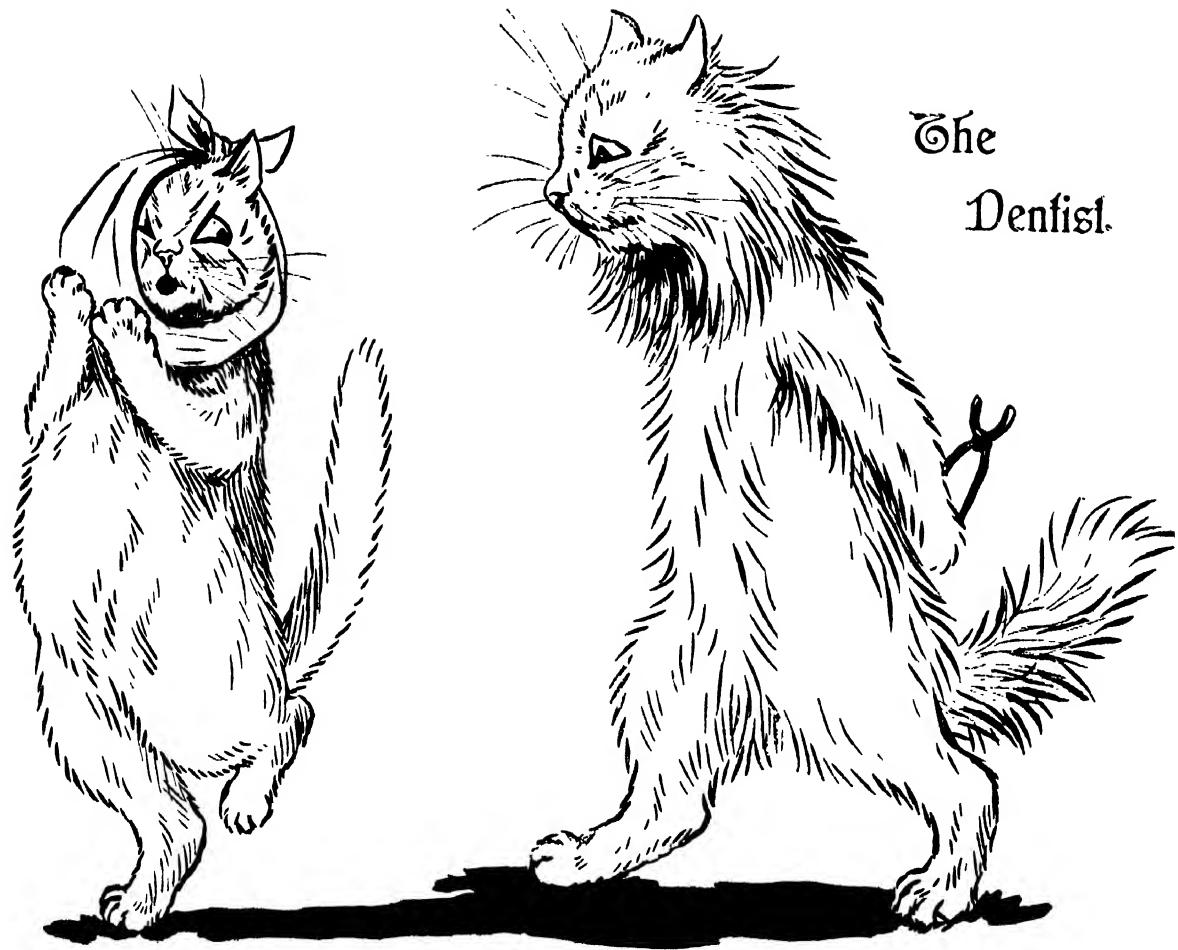
And I am a hansom cabby.

Right behind I sit, like a cabdriver Kit,

My whip in my strong right paw.

The Kittens shout, “Hi!” as we pass them by,

And open their eyes with awe.



The
Dentist.

"YOURS is a most distressful case,"

Said Doctor Mew the Dentist;

"I've never seen so swell'n a face

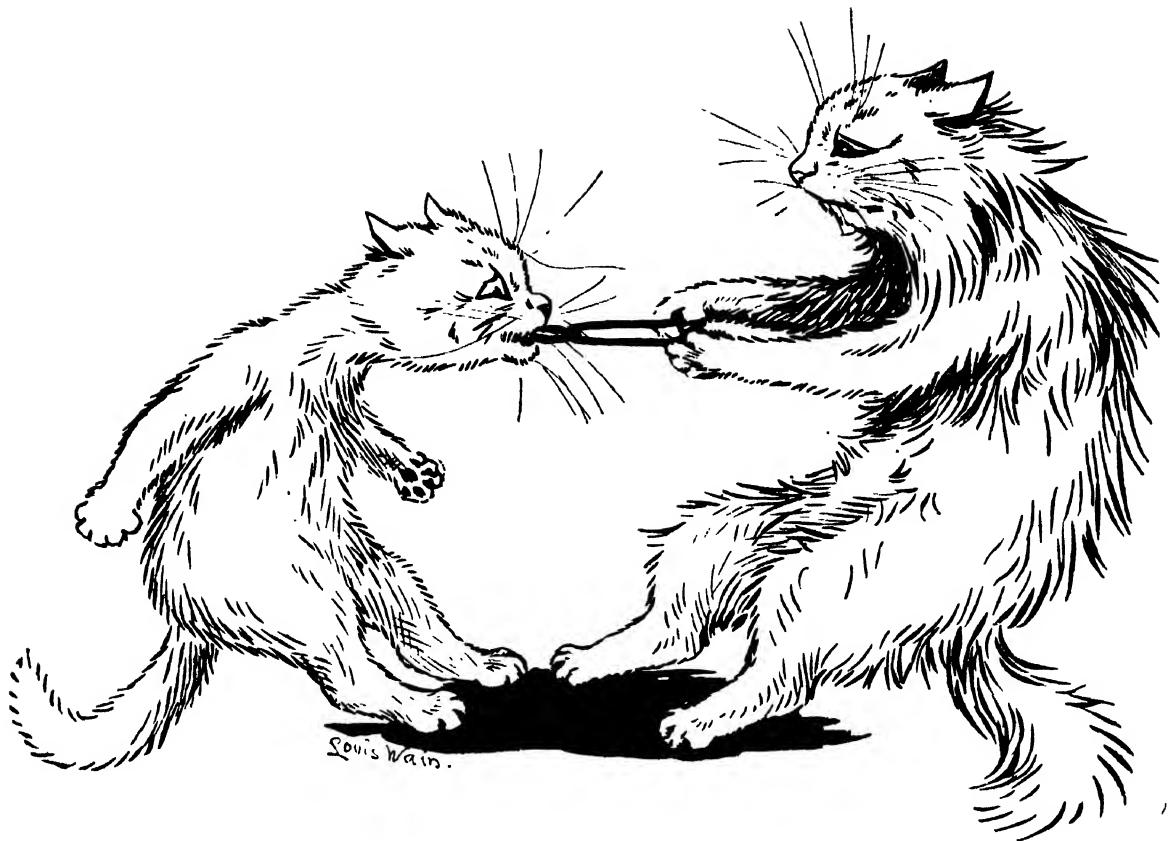
Since I was first apprenticed.

I know the symptoms, and I'm sure

It's toothache without doubt, sir;

It's very sad, but there's no cure

For that but have it out, sir!



“ You'll find it will not hurt a bit;
I'll treat it with the knowledge
That I acquired when quite a Kit
At what-d'you-call-it College.
The reason why this fact explains,
It's simple as a bubble—
You sit down there and take the pains
The while I take—the trouble.

"Dear me!" that clever Dentist said,

"I fear I make you suffer;

That tooth's the strongest in your head—

I never knew one tougher.

Another pull—it's nearly out—

Just one more pull—a strong one!"

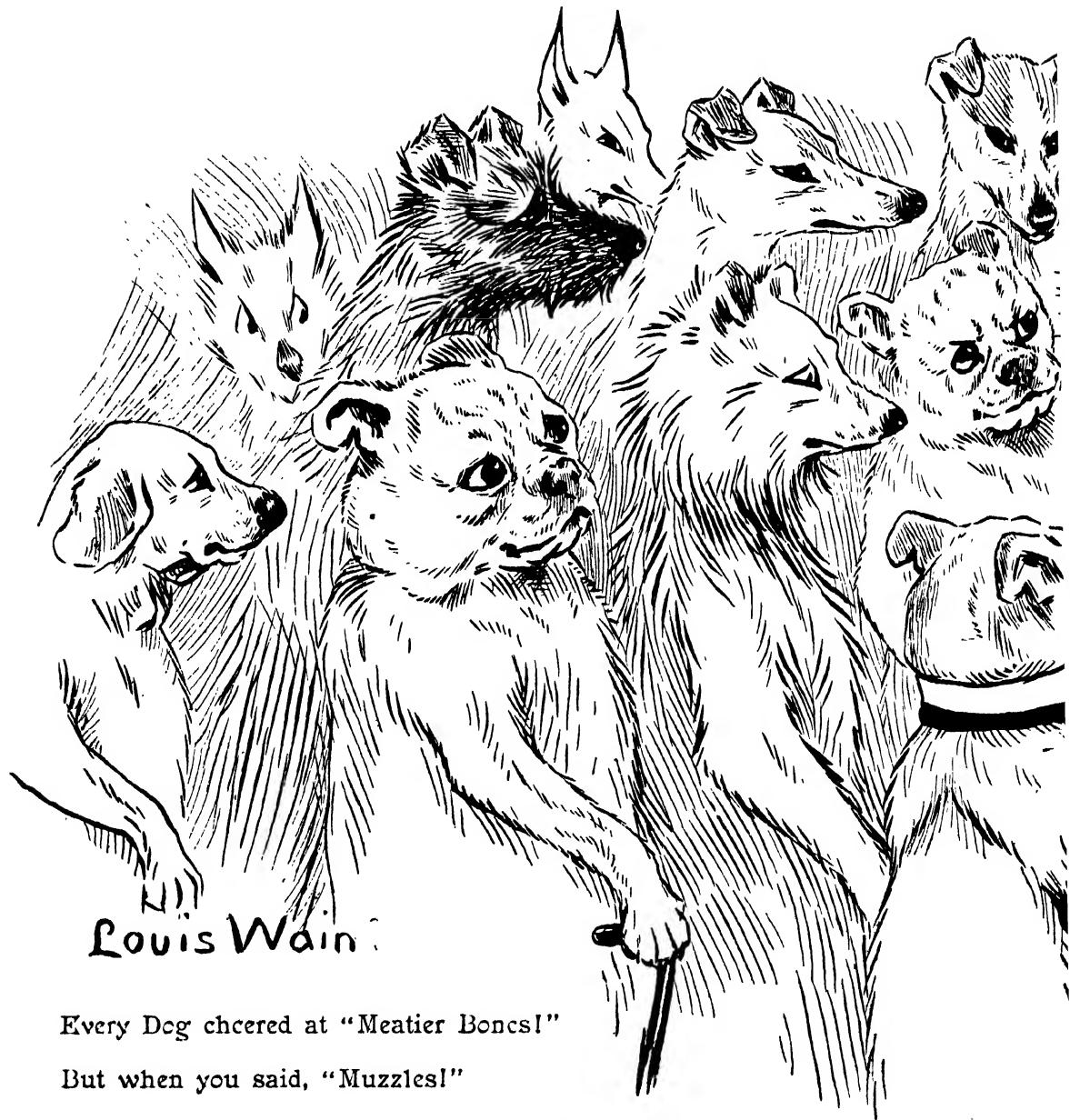
And then that patient gave a shout—

"Oh, dear, you've pulled the wrong one!"



' the grcat Dogs' Meeting in Bow-wow Park

'Twas, "Down with Muzzles and Freedom of Bark!"



Every Dog cheered at "Meatier Boncs!"

But when you said, "Muzzles!"

'twas hisses and grcans.

DOWN WITH THE
MUZZLE.





A Dis-Grace

HE was a most conceited Cat,
Who thought he
could play cricket;
The first ball he was nearly out—
'Twas paw before the wicket.

He wore a fine
new cricket-suit,
And cap on top of that oh!
He stopped the next ball
with his eye
Instead of with his bat oh!



“And when by chance the ball hit him
He set up such a wail oh!
They really thought that somebody
Was treading on his tail oh!

So then they put him out to field,
They do in cricket matches,
And called him
“Butter-paws” because
He missed such easy catches.

The other ten, they sent him home,
For that his proper place is—
And now to all his friends
he's known
As “one of the dis-Graces”!



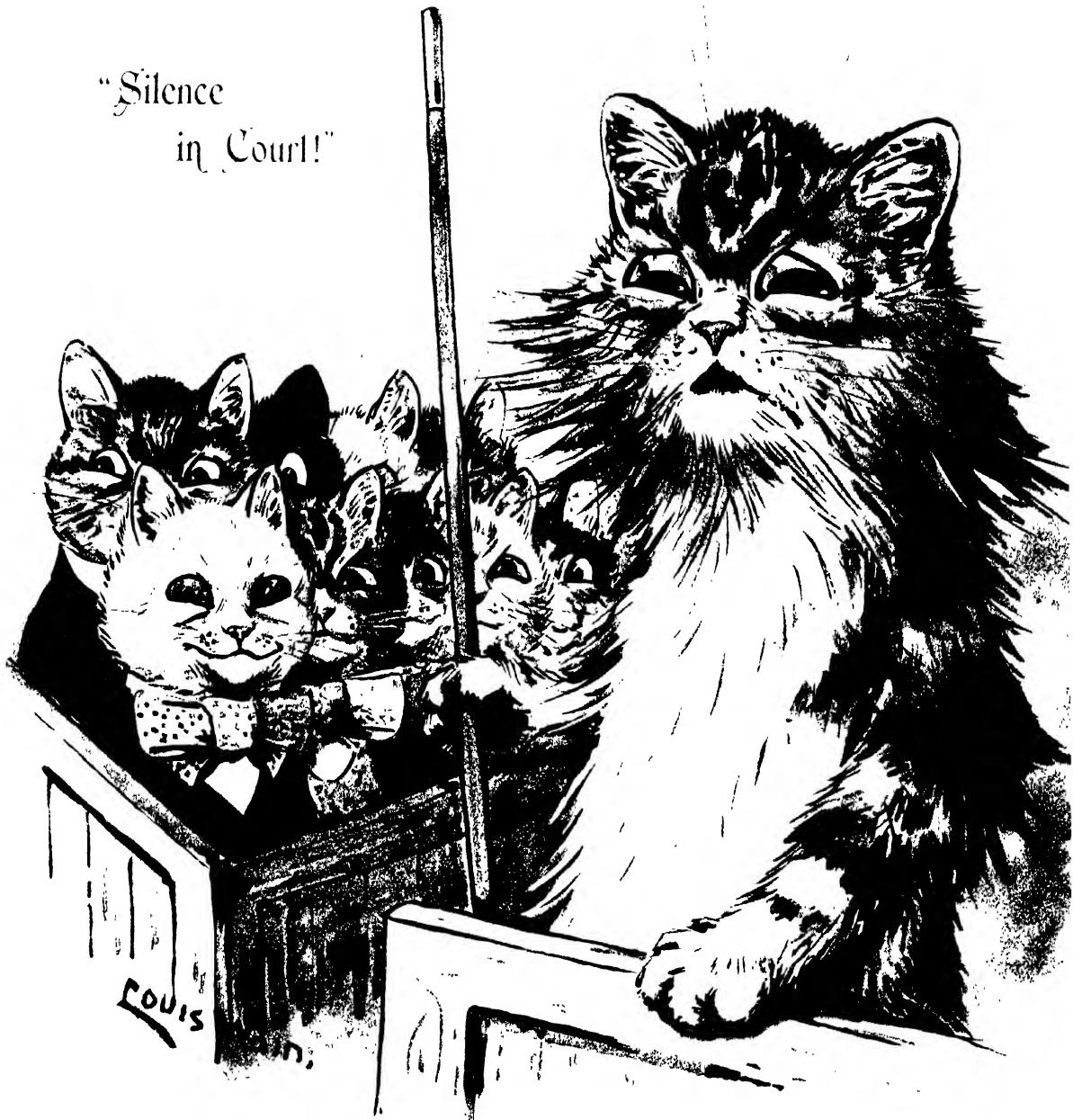
The Purple Emperor.

He was only a commonplace Butterfly,
But he heard some people, passing by,
One summer's day, in the open air,
Say, "That's a Purple Emperor there."

So now he's so puffed up with pride,
He's bought a carriage in which to ride;
He little knows it's just his name—
He's only a Butterfly all the same.



“Silence
in Court!”



THE Usher grave and stern am I,
And, gazing round about me,
“Silence in Court!” I loudly cry -
They cannot do without me.

The Kittens small I fill with awe;
I put down all disorder;
I feel quite sure there'd be no Law
If I did not keep Order.

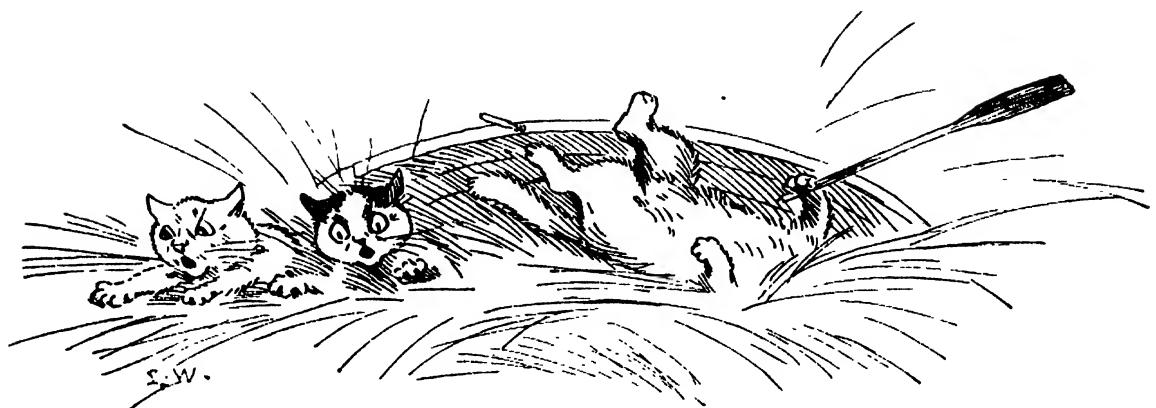


Three Kittens in a Boat.

HERE once were Kittens
one, two, three,
Who went upon the deep blue sea,
They pushed the boat out cheerily,
And soon they were afloat oh!

Said Number One, "Oh, yes, I know;
Put in your oar and pull it so—
It's easy work and off we go,
Three Kittens in a boat oh!"

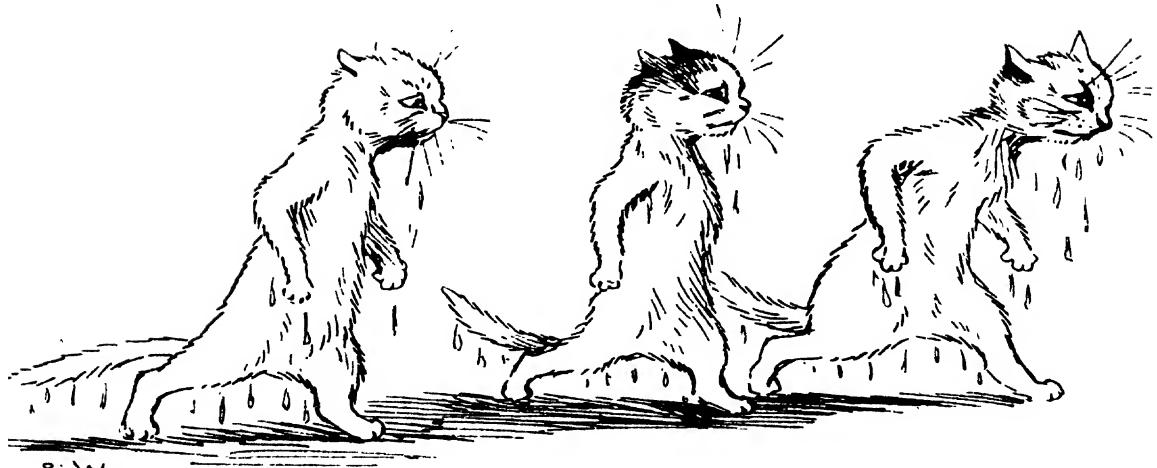
He put it in and pulled so free,
But caught a crab most carelessly—
He lost an oar and splashed the sea
All over Tabby's coat oh!



In trying that lost oar to get,
A fresh disaster then they met—
The boat tipped over and upset
Three Kittens in a boat oh!

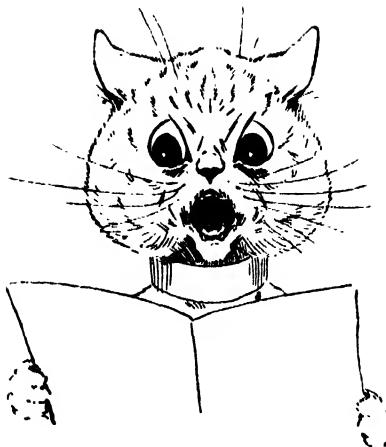
Some boatmen Cats came rowing round
And landed them upon dry ground,
All dripping wet and nearly drowned—
Below you'll see their photo!

“Dry land is good enough for me,”
Next day said each one of the three—
“We can’t be trusted on the sea,
Three Kittens in a boat oh!”

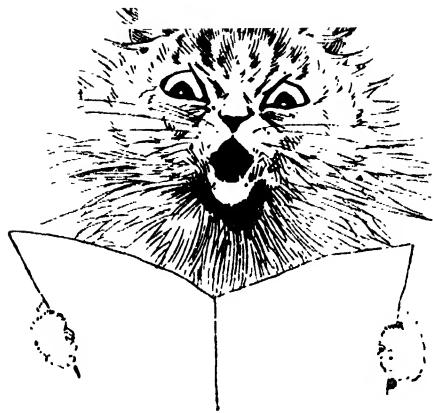




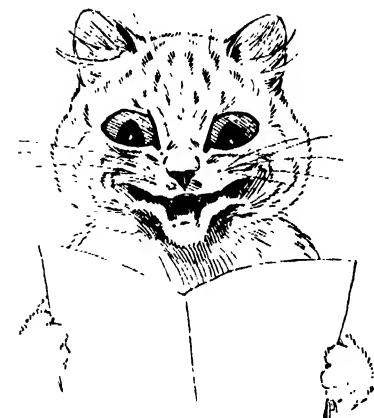
"WHAT is the latest news from Town?
Muzzles are off—Biscuits are down;
Bones are scarce—a waggish tail;
Newly furnished kennel for sale.
There is no news. I'd rather look
At pages from the Funny Book."



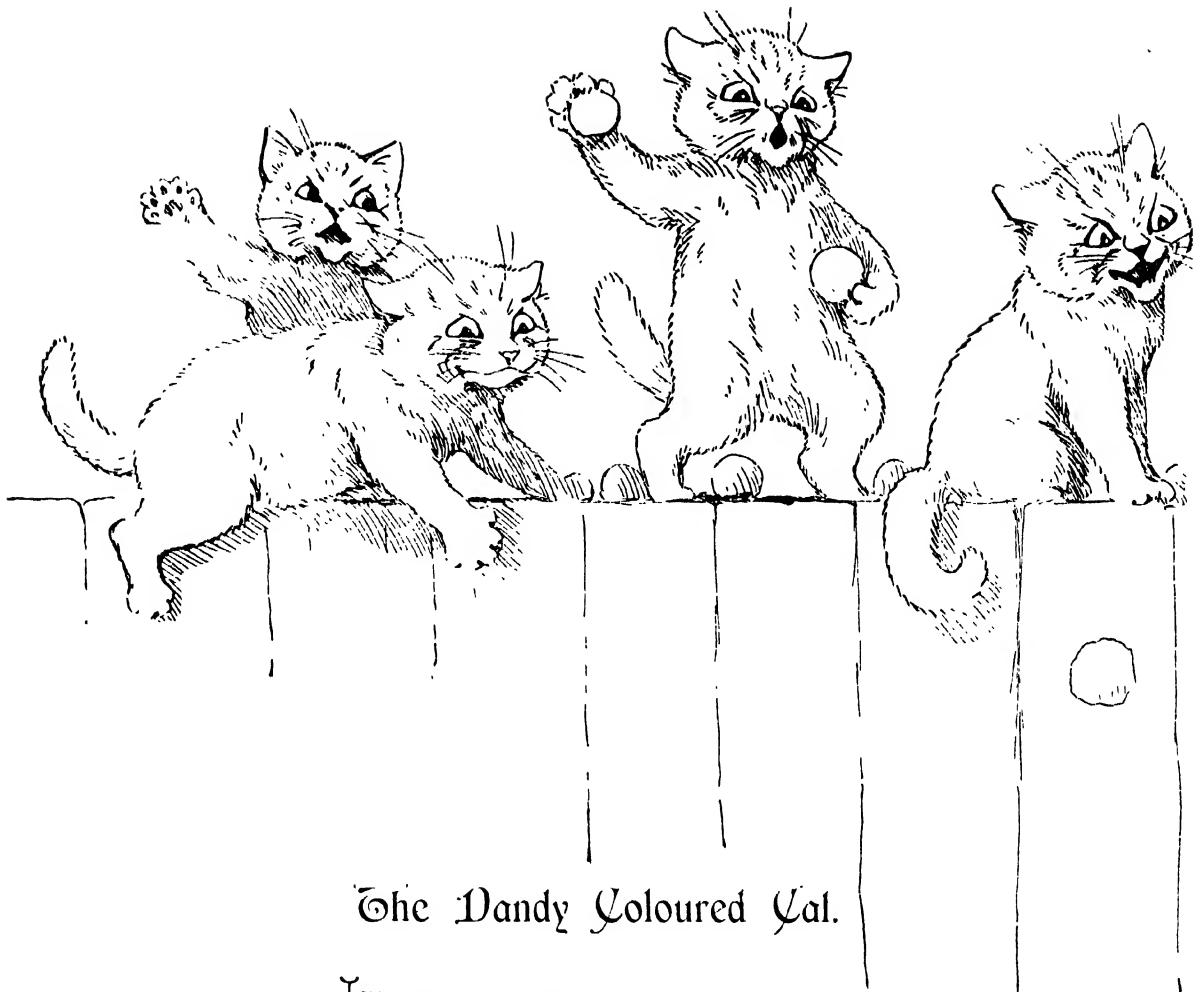
The Carol Singers.



T was on a winter's night,
And the moon was shining bright,
That they went out singing carols
Where the snow lay soft and white;
But the only one they knew—
'Twasn't very long or new—
Was a milky, mousy carol,
Ending with a high-note mew!

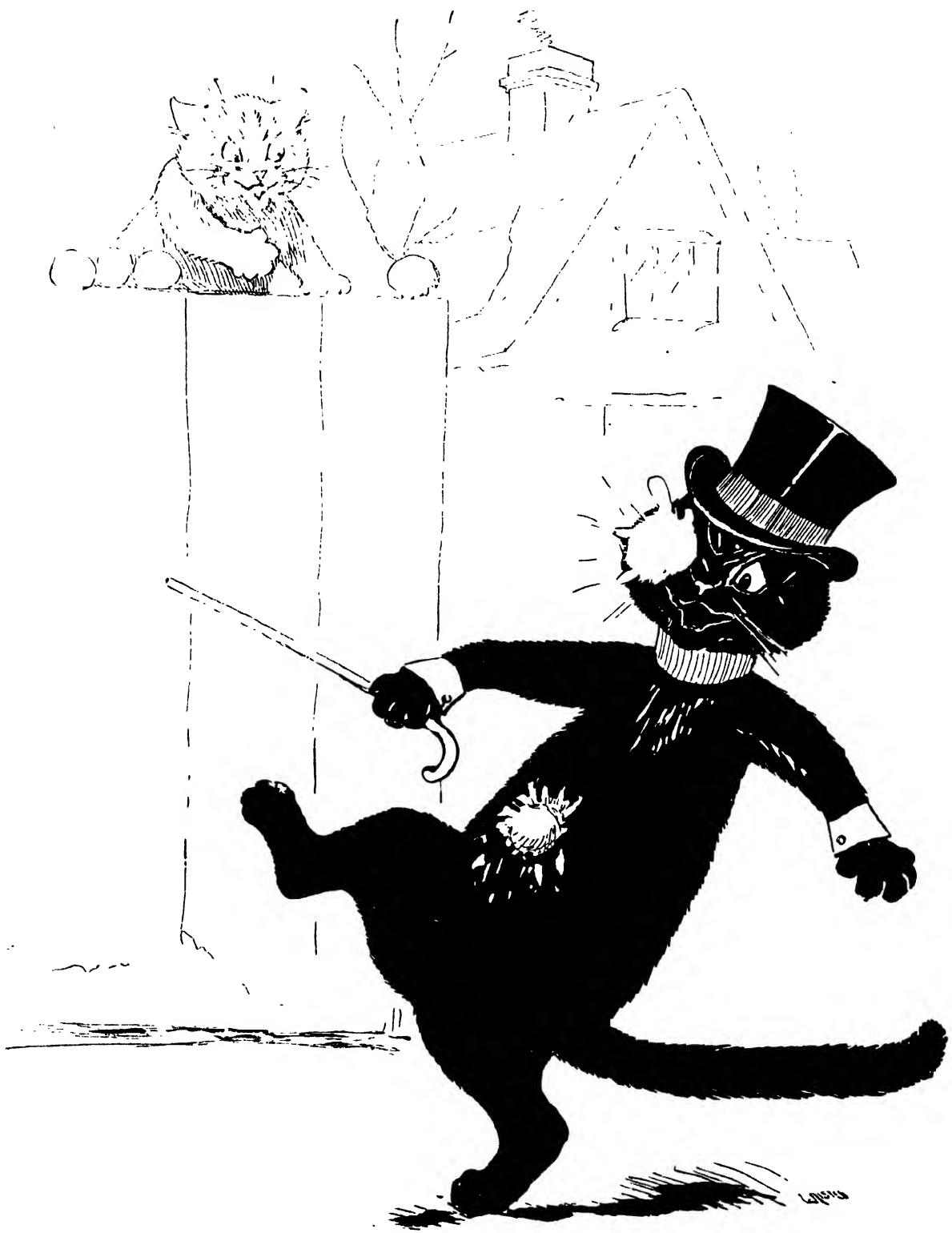


When they stopped at every door,
And they sang that o'er and o'er,
And then mewed they'd come to-morrow
If 'twas fine, and sing some more—
Angry words the mothers said,
For their babies were in bed,
And they threw things from the window—
So these carol singers fled!



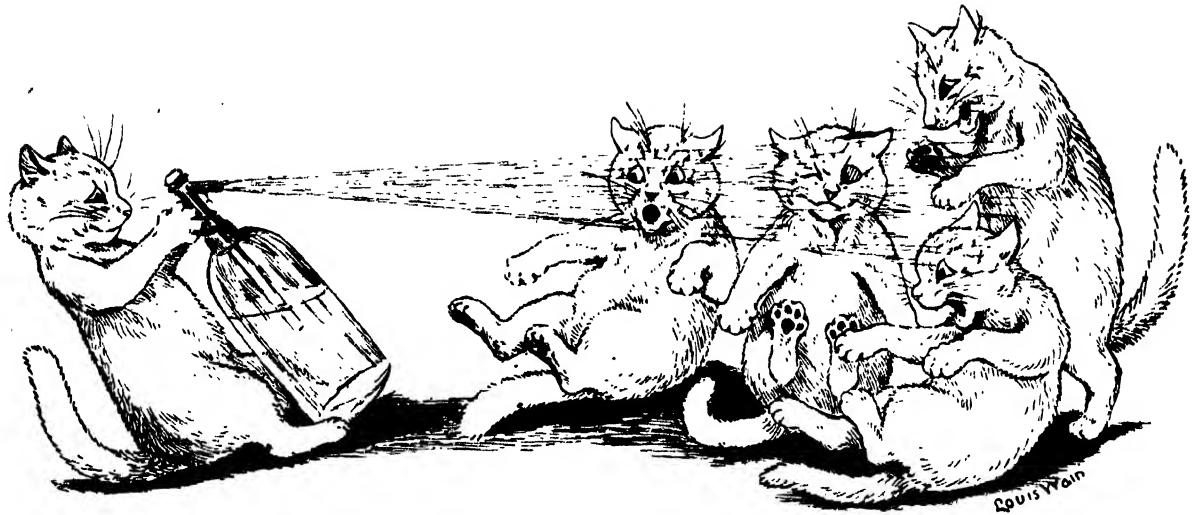
The Dandy Coloured Cat.

IT was the Dandy Coloured Cat
Went out one winter's day;
With collar, cuffs, and new silk hat,
He took his lordly way!
Five naughty kittens saw him pass:
The snowballs were so handy,
That Coloured Cat went home, alas!
Anything but a Dandy.



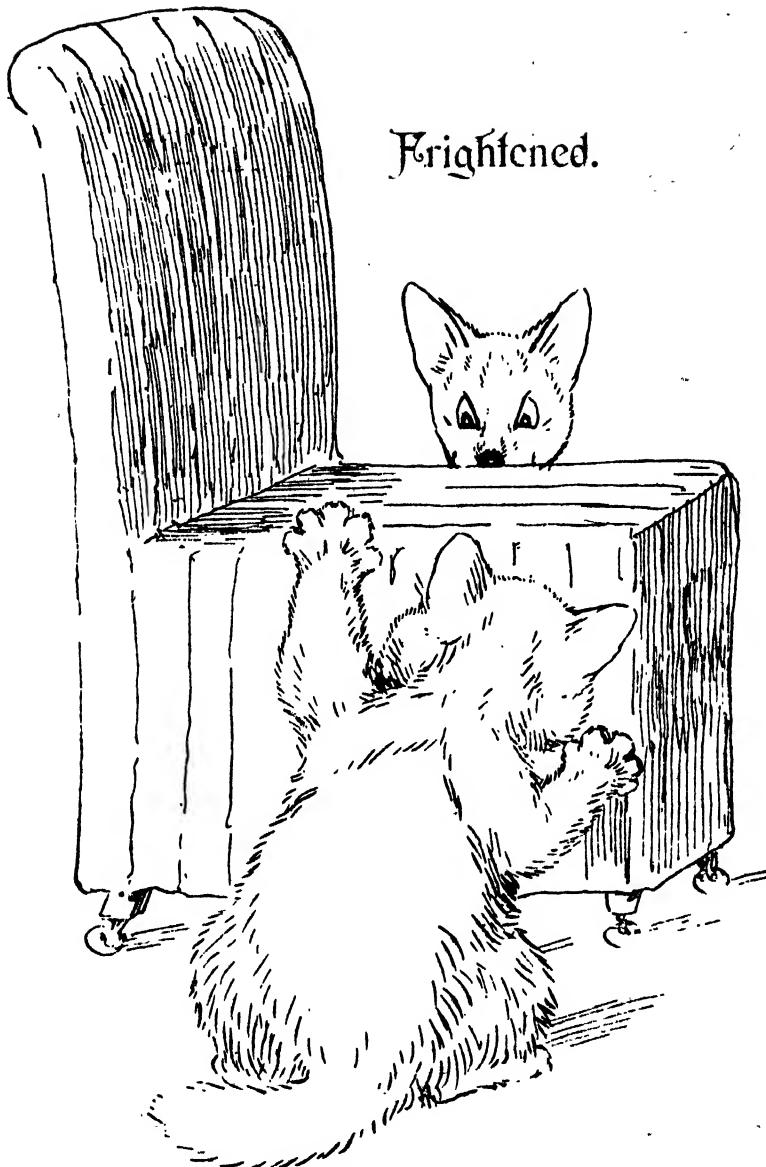


“GRANDMAMMA dear, how can you sit
All day long and do nothing but knit?
I couldn’t do it, but then, you see,
You’re not a baby kit like me.”



A Great Surprise.

Frightened.



"WHO'S that?" said Toby dear,

"who's there—

Hiding behind the easy chair?

I'm fairly brave, though, I declare,

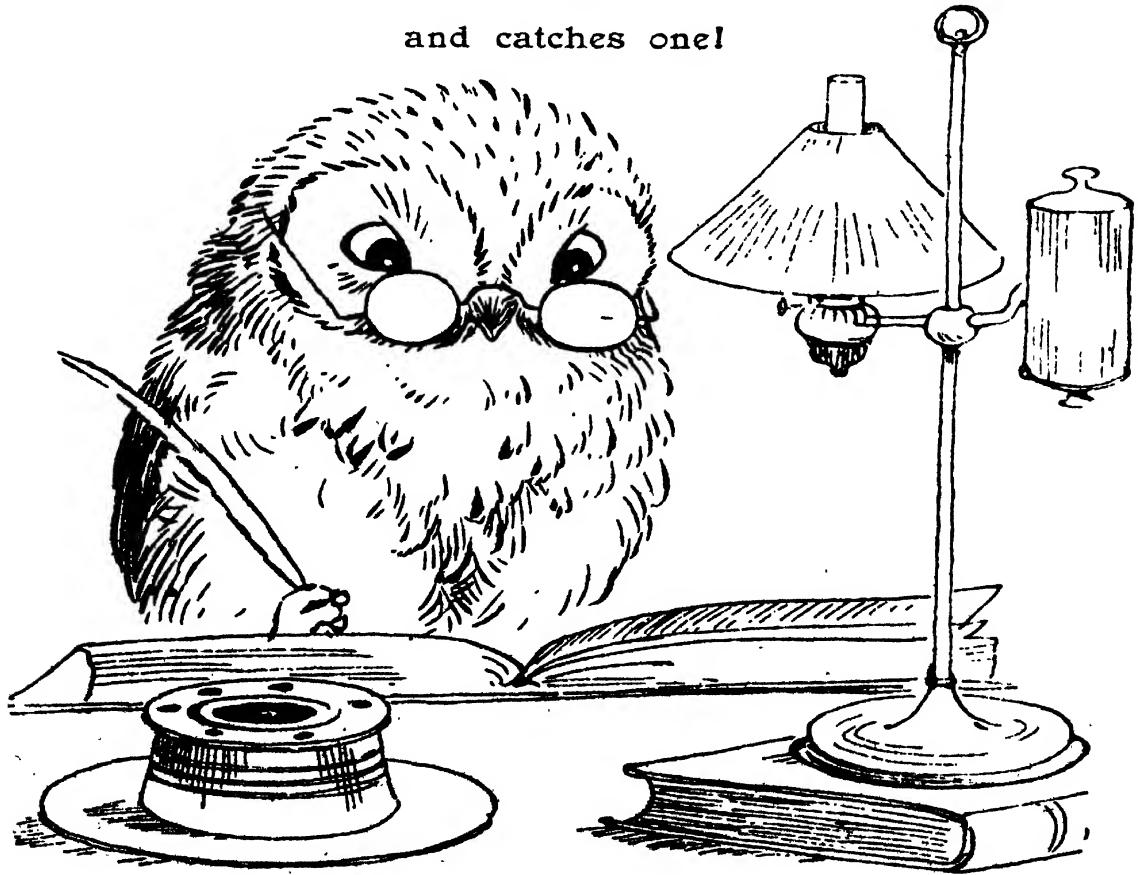
I'm trembling, if the truth is written.

"I see a large and vicious paw,
And that I'm sure's a nasty claw!
Bow-wow, you monster!"

Then he saw
That wicked playful baby Kitten!

The Midnight Owl.

PROFESSOR OWL, so I have heard,
Is said to be a clever bird;
He's written lots and lots of books—
You wouldn't think so from his looks.
His last is here, of good advice
Upon the art of eating mice;
He writes a line, and when that's done,
Puts down his pen,
and catches one!



HERE was an old Pussy who lived in a shoe:
She'd so many Kittens, she didn't know what to do;
Those who were good had new milk and some fish;
But those who were naughty she caned - swish, swish!



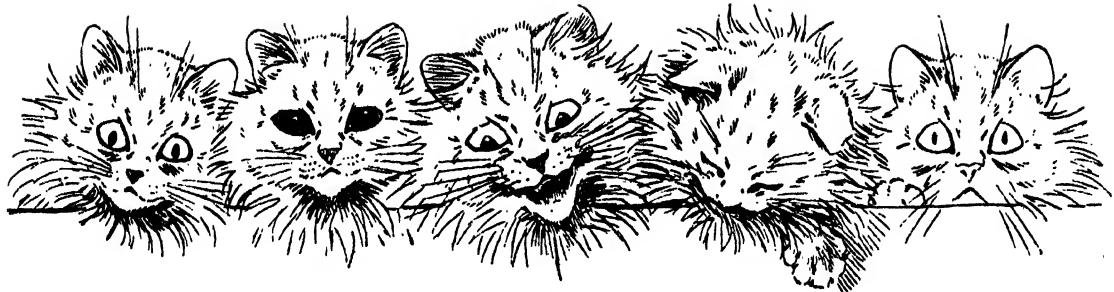


Louis Wain



Father and Son.

HERE they are, ready dressed, father and son,
Waiting to go for a nice morning run.
Who's going to take them, I really can't say;
But I hope he'll come soon, or they'll both run away!



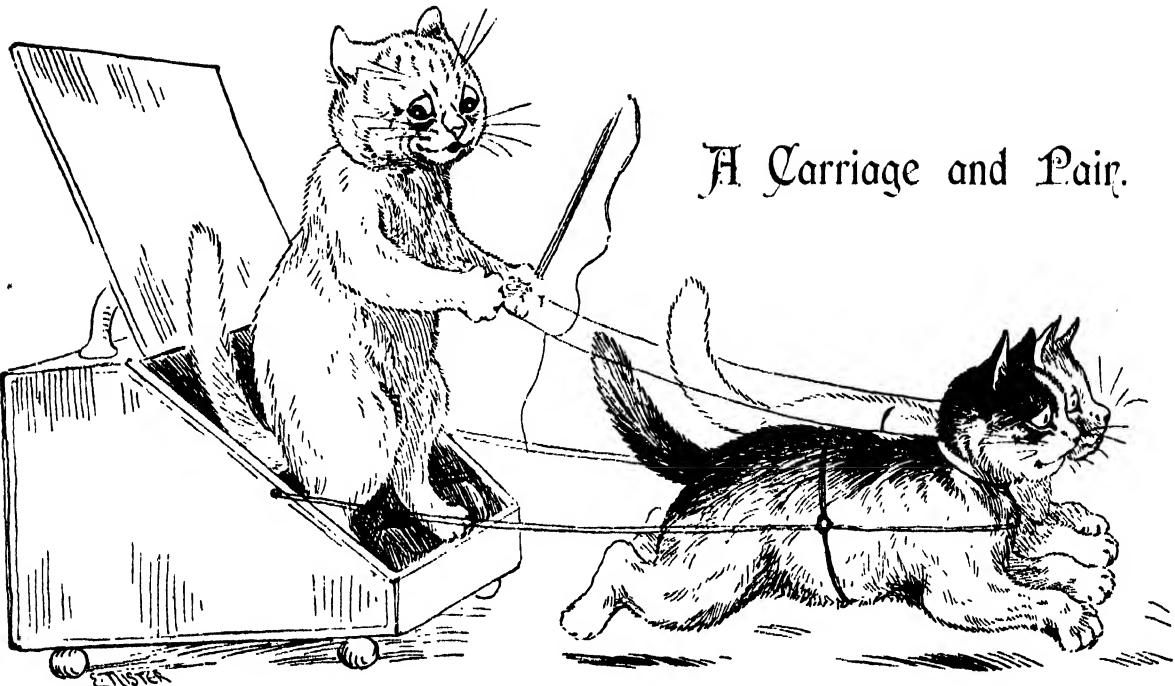
'The Lecture.'

WHEN there's a lecture at our new society
Every Cat listens with utmost propriety.

Tib went to sleep, though, at one she attended,
But she woke up when the lecture was ended.

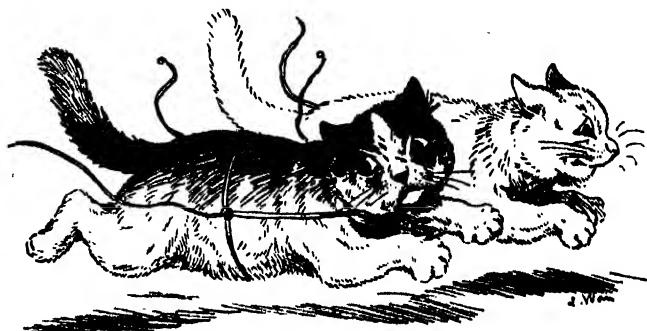
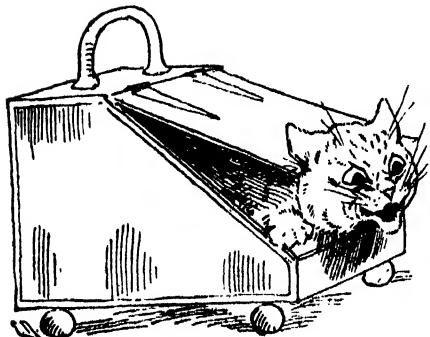
Our motto is splendid—perhaps you've not met it—
"When you say 'Mew' for milk, see that you get it."





A Carriage and Pair.

PUSSY goes driving out, taking the air,
In her new coal-scuttle carriage and pair;
Puss a fine pair of coach Kittens has got:
When she cries, "Mew," they start off at a trot;
But when they see a mouse crossing the hall,
Over goes coal-scuttle, Pussy, and all!

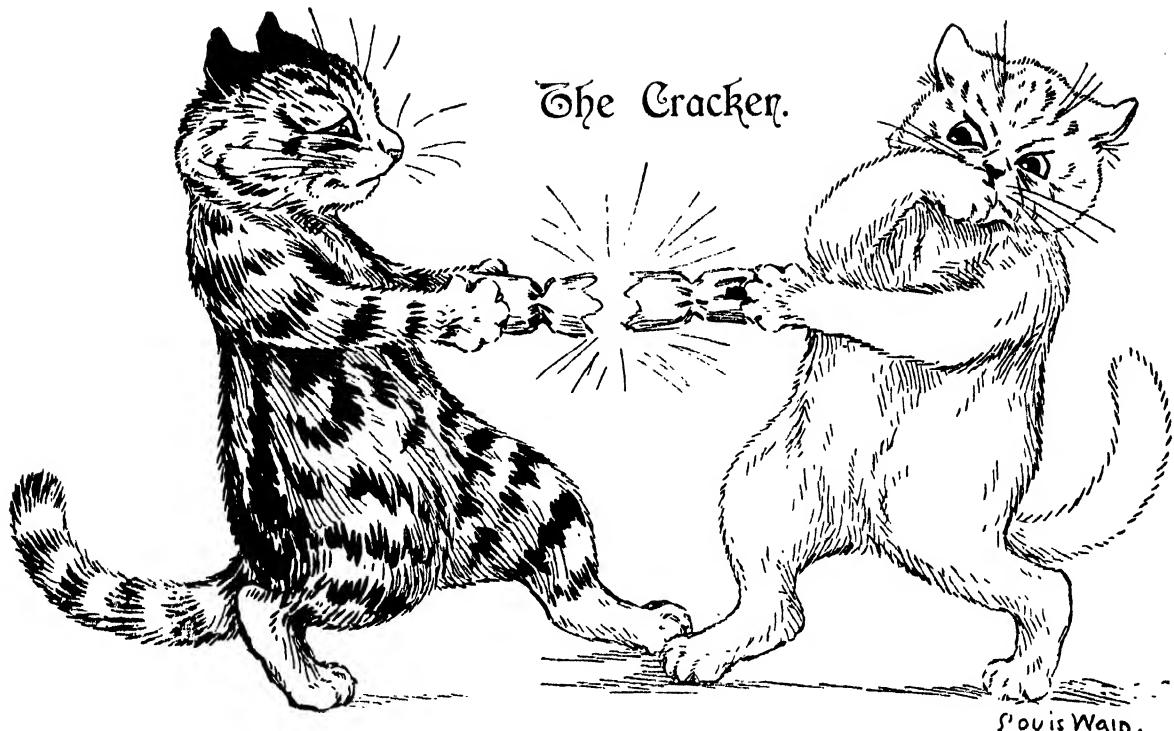


A Treat.



COME, put on your
nice new jacket,
And wash your hands and face,
And put the toys and picture-books
Back in their proper place.

Then if you're a good little Elephant,
And do as you ought to do,
Look nice and neat,
we'll go for a treat
On the top of a bus to the Zoo!



The Cracker.

Louis Wain.

IT was a cracker fine and large,
That lay upon the ground;
Said Tommy Puss to Tabby Mew:
"Just see what I have found!
Now, you take that end--I take this,
And then both pull away;
I saw the children do it, at
Their party yesterday!"
The cracker banged, the Kittens gave
A shout of laughter hearty;
And now they wish the children dear
Would give another party!

"Paper, Sir?"

PAPER, sir? the last edition—

All the news of Tabbyland;

Prospect of a fresh milk famine—

Dog unmuzzled in the Strand!

Marriage of Sir Thomas Mouser—

Full account—no extra price;

School-treat to a thousand Kittens—

Startling scarcity of mice!

Paper, sir? the last edition—

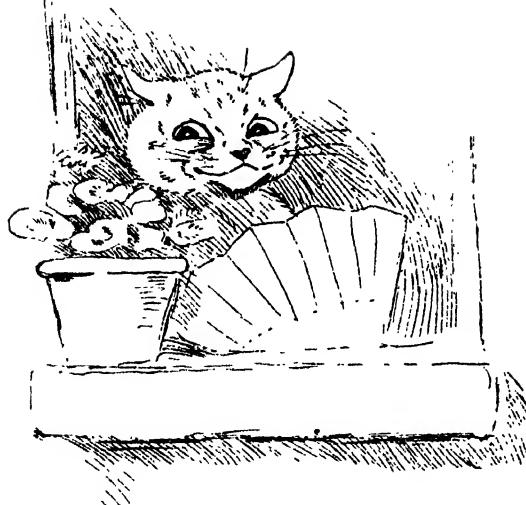
Full of all the newest news;

Every Cat and every Kitten

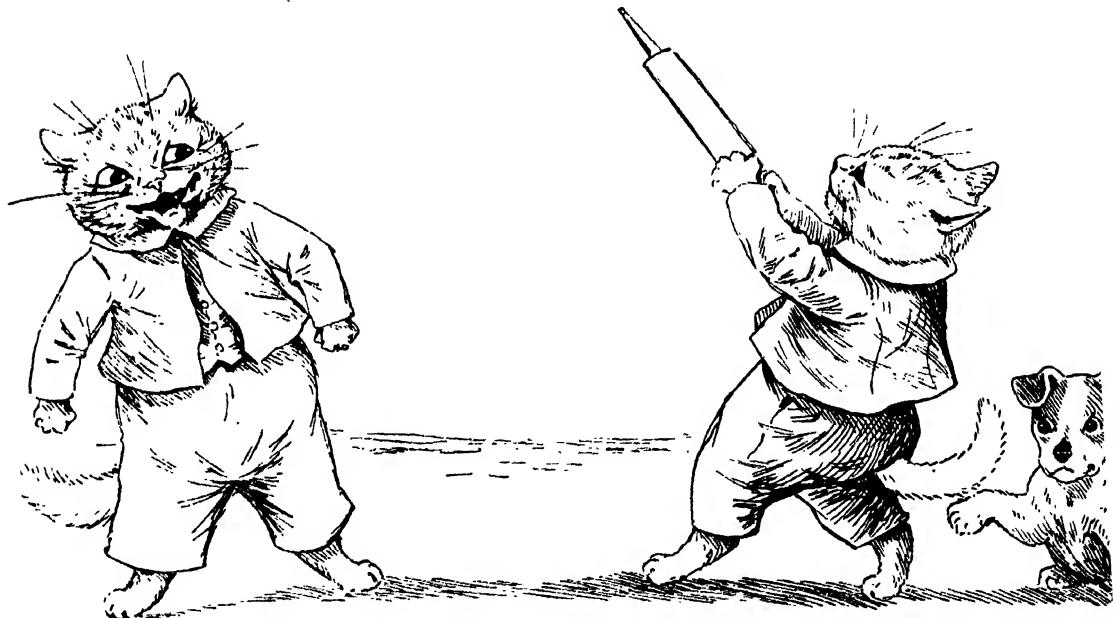
Ought to read

the "Evening Mews."

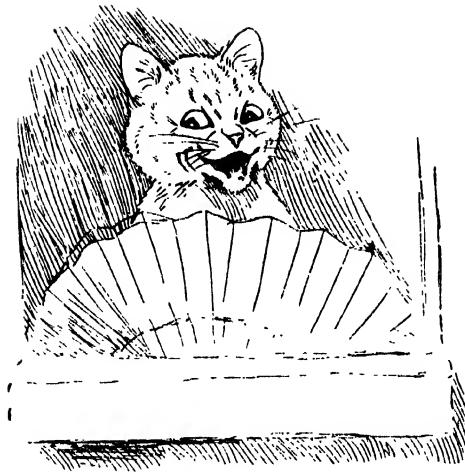




The Tale of a Squirt



TOM had a squirt that he thought he could use
Just when and where, in what way, he might choose.
"Squirt at that flower-pot? You wait and see:
It's easy as drinking up milk," answered he.



Just as he squirted it, Tom gave a wail:

Toby came by and caught hold of his tail;

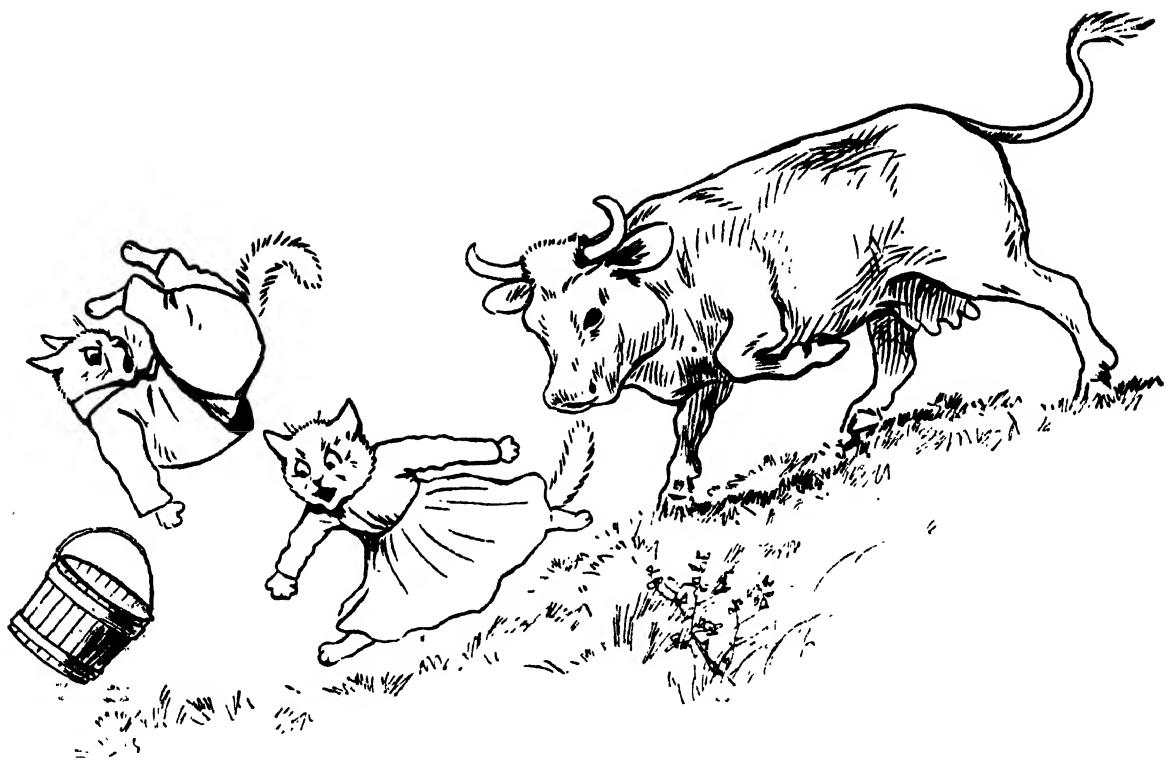
Down came that flower-pot—didn't it hurt!

That was the end of the tale of the squirt!

The New Jack and Jill.

JACK and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of milk, oh!
Jack was drest
In his Sunday best,
And Jill in her gown
of silk, oh!





Said Jack to Jill:
"We'll go and fill
With milk this pail full up, oh!"
Said Jill to Jack:
"Then we'll go back,
On bread-and-milk to sup, oh!"

The cow was large
And made a charge,
"A pail of milk—you dare, oh!"
And Jack and Jill
Ran down that hill
As fast as they could tear, oh!

The Barn Dance.



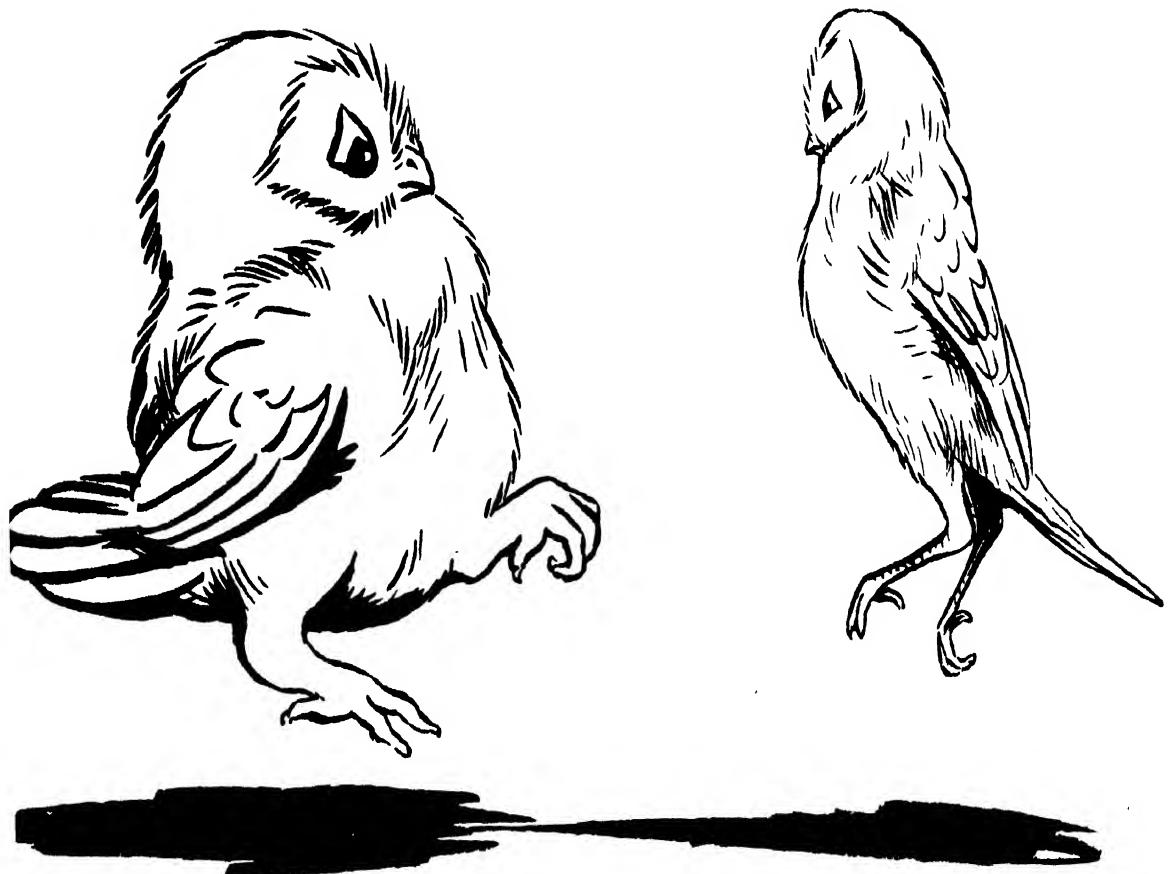
WHEN all the place is still at nights,
And out are all the glaring lights,
Then you will see that sight of sights—
The true and only Barn Dance!

When boys and girls are all in bed,
Then ev'ry Owl puts out his head,
And up and down with lightsome tread
They dance a proper Barn Dance!

The baby Owls all say: "Too-whoo!
When we grow up, that's what we'll do!
We'll give each night a Barn Dance too,
A reg'lar royal Barn Dance!"

They sit up in their nests at night
And hoot with glee to see the sight,
While Pa and Ma in great delight
Go dancing their own Barn Dance!

For boys and girls may hop and prance
Whenever they can find the chance;
But only Owls know how to dance
The mad and merry Barn Dance!



The Tale of a Tail.

IT was a little Lobster on the shore,
A tiny little Lobster—nothing more,
And when Pussy on four paws
Came in reach of its long claws
It gave a little pinch and nothing more!

It was a Kitten's tail so hurt and sore,
An aching Kitten's tail and nothing more;
But since that sad day of woe
When that Lobster nipped it so,
It hasn't been the tail it was before!





(1) Ice Bears.

Bears went skating on the ice,
All on a winter's day;
The wind was keen, the sport was nice,
The moments slipped away.
Alas! ere day was over, they
To quarrel did begin;
They both fell out, and, strange to say,
They both of them fell in!



(N)

DANGEROUS.
ICE TOO HARD



DANGEROUS
ICE TOO SOFT



Louis Wain.

The Dandy Lion.

THE Dandy Lion tried to be
One day a well-dressed Lion;
So, going out, he thought that he
A collar new would try on.





He gave his mane an extra brush,
And, glancing at the glass, ch!
Said he, without a tiny blush:
"All Lions I surpass, ch!"

Alas! the collar wouldn't fit:
It very nearly choked him;
He took two hours to fasten it,
And that, of course, provoked him.

At last 'twas on. "I must be quick,
Or else my friend won't wait, oh!
Oh, where's my hat and where's my stick?
I fear I'm very late, oh!"

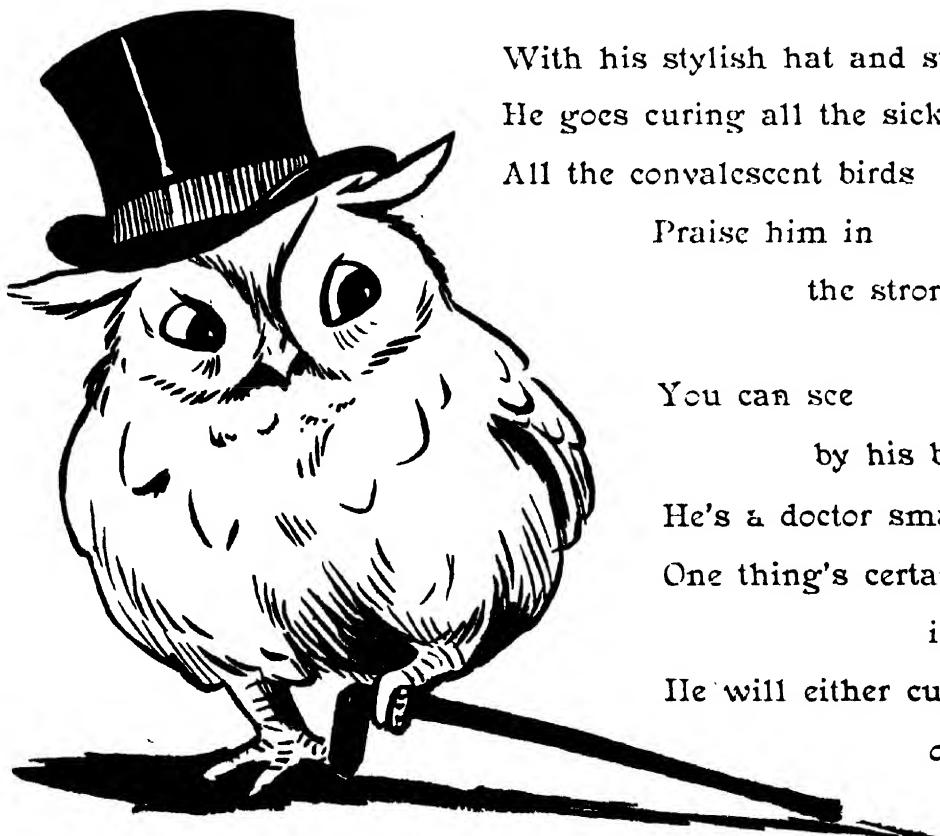
But, when at length he met his friend,
He tried to bow politely:
His collar wouldn't let him bend,
It fitted him so tightly!



Doctor Owl.

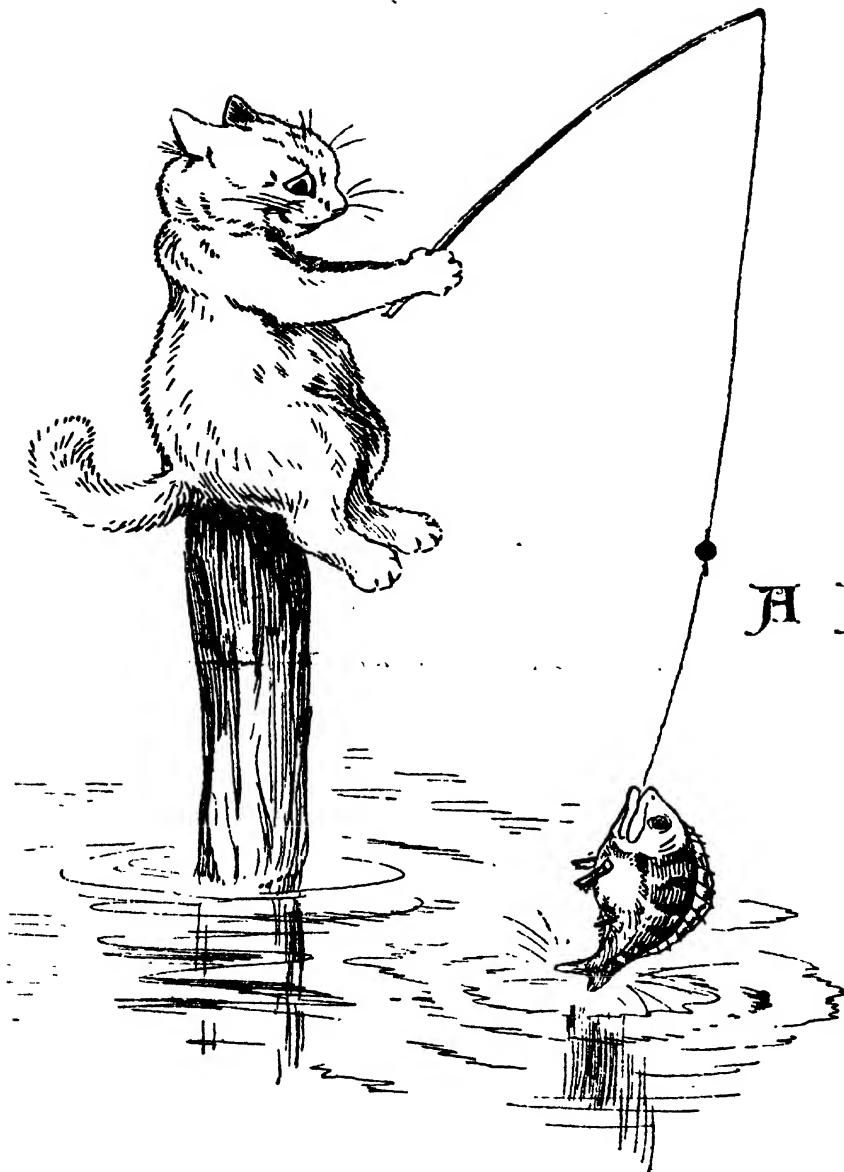
If you're ever feeling sick,
Doctor Owl will cure you quick;
Every bird in Town will own
He's the smartest doctor known.

Go to him if you feel ill,
Ask for mixture, or for pill;
Like his beak, his bill's not long,
Though his medicine's nice and strong.



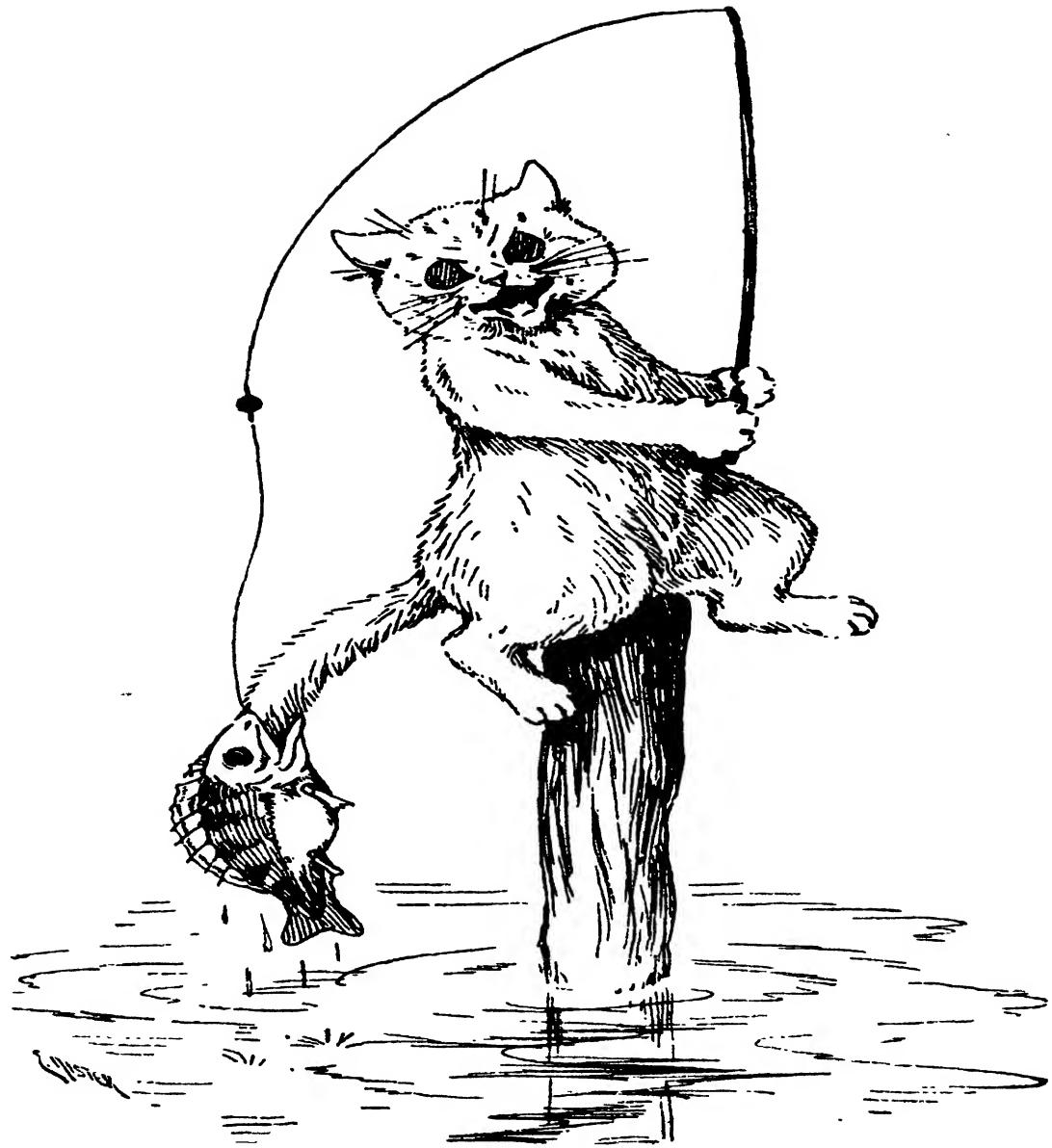
With his stylish hat and stick
He goes curing all the sick;
All the convalescent birds
Praise him in
the strongest words.

You can see
by his bright eyes,
He's a doctor smart and wise;
One thing's certain—
if you're ill
He will either cure
or kill!

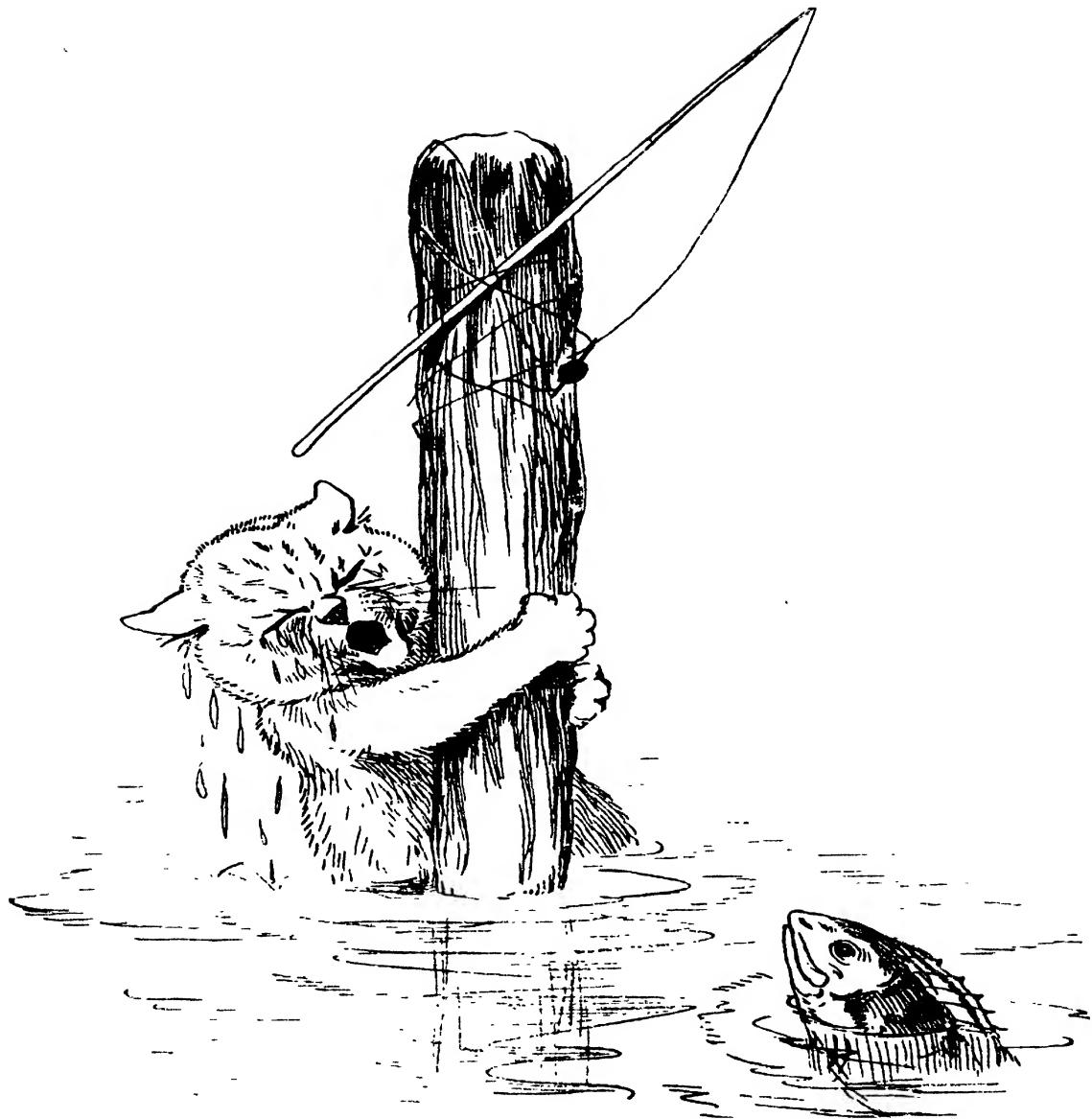


A Fishing Story.

Tommy went to fish, and took
Rod and line and bait and hook;
There upon the post he sat
Till he caught a tittlebat!



Up he pulled it with a will,
Showing off his angling skill;
Oh! but didn't he look grim
When that tittlebat caught him!

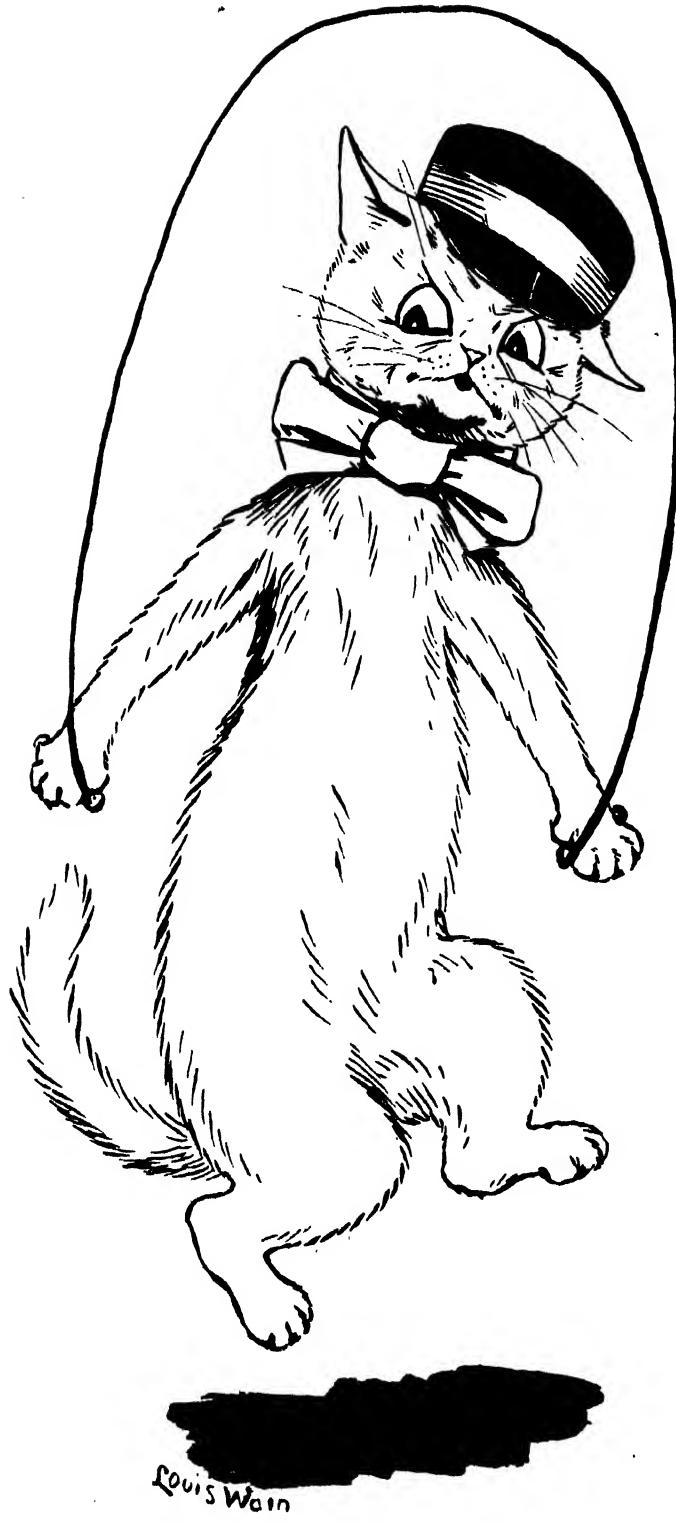


Caught his tail and made him yell;

In the river splash he fell!

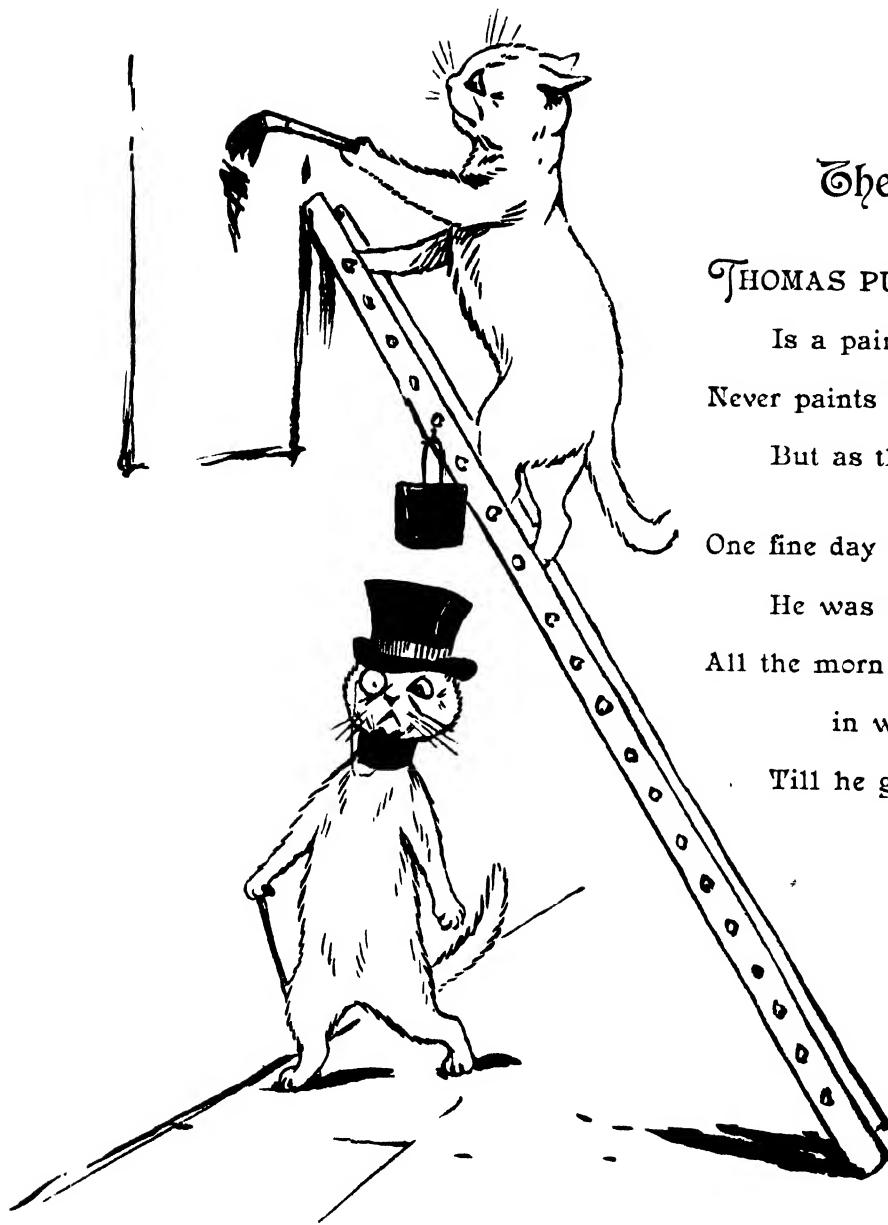
Next time Tom goes catching fish,

He will catch them off a dish!



The Skipping Cat.

Oh! I've heard of Cats
Who could catch big Rats,
And Cats who were
much too lazy;
Of Kittens who'd play
With their tails all day,
Till their mothers
thought them crazy!
I have heard tales too,
And so must have you,
Of Cats who have
stolen the dripping;
But upon my word
I ne'er saw or heard,
Till now, of a Cat
going skipping!



The Painter.

THOMAS PURR of Pussytown

Is a painter splendid;

Never paints things upside down,

But as they're intended.

One fine day he painting went,

He was brisk and busy;

All the morn

in work he spent

Till he grew

quite dizzy!

With his paint-brush large and wet

Steadily he painted;

But alas! his pot upset

Thomas nearly fainted! -

Accident? 'Twas worse than that,

For his paint-pot tumbled

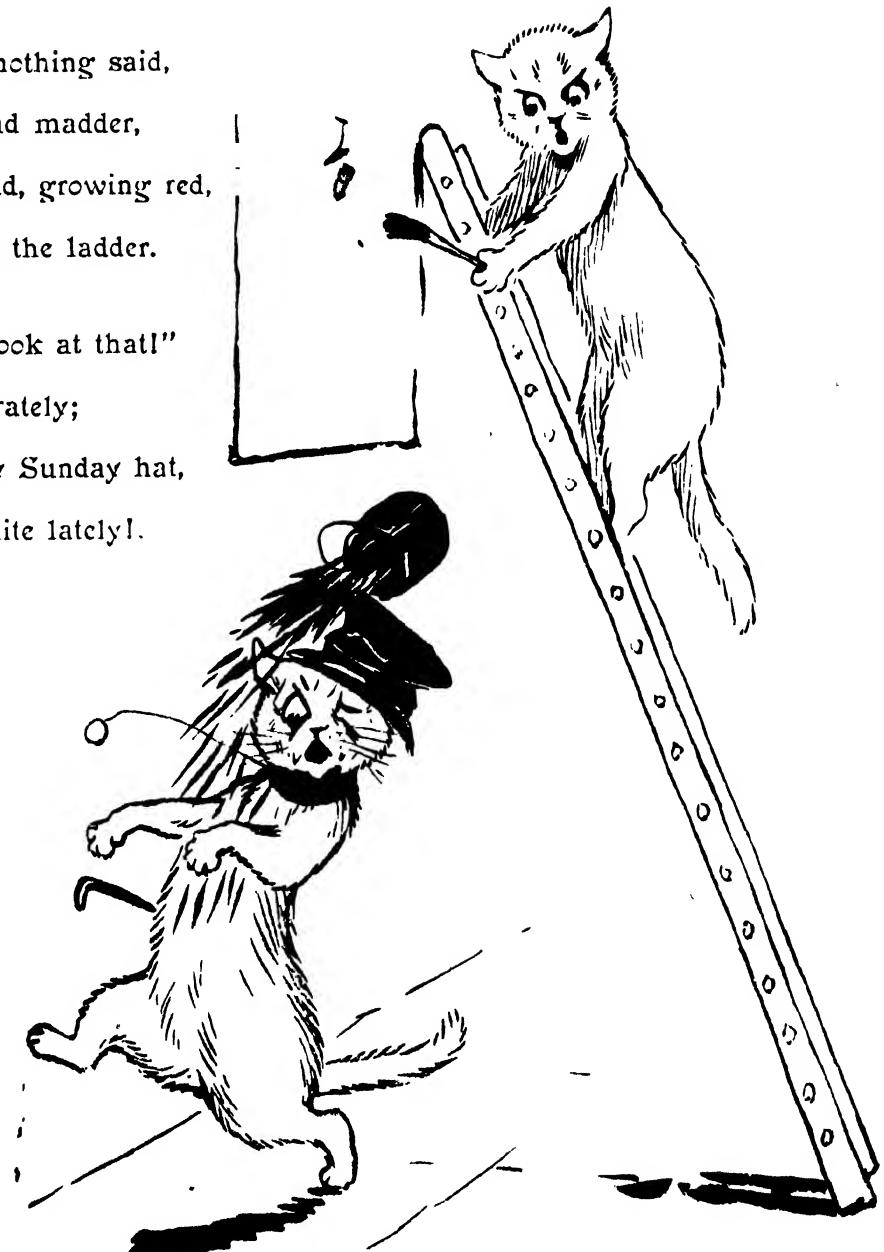
Right upon a passing Cat—

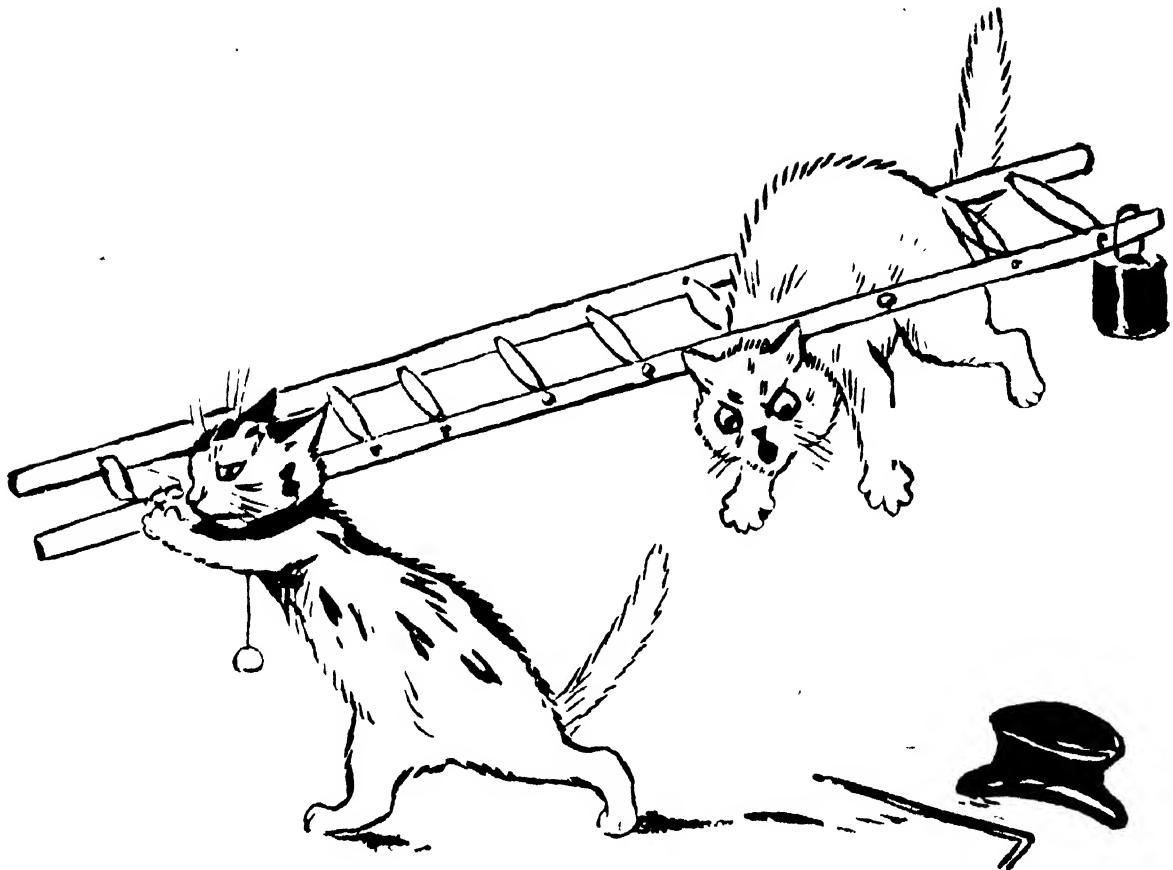
Goodness! how he grumbled!

It was that young Dandy Cat,
Mr. Thomas Mouser.
Picking up his cane and hat,
First he stuttered: "Now, sir!"

Then as Tom Purr nothing said,
Mad he grew and madder,
Stamped his paw and, growing red,
Down he pulled the ladder.

"Look at this, sir; look at that!"
Cried he most irately;
"You have spoilt my Sunday hat,
Only bought quite lately!"





“You can have that damaged hat;

I will have your ladder!”

Tom Purr in the roadway sat:

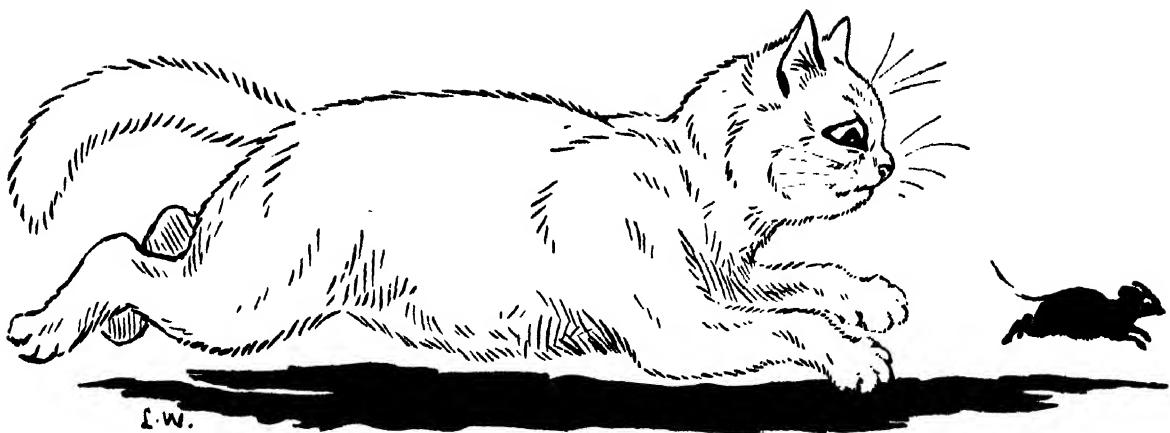
Cat was never sadder.

How it ended no one knows,

But the latest news is

When Tom Purr out painting goes,

Care and paint he uses.



The Cat and the Mouse,

A LITTLE brown Mouse

Came out of his house—

A plump little Mousie was he;

His whiskers he curled:

“I’ll go out in the world,”

Said he, “and see all I can see!”

A Pussy-cat sat

On the dining-room mat—

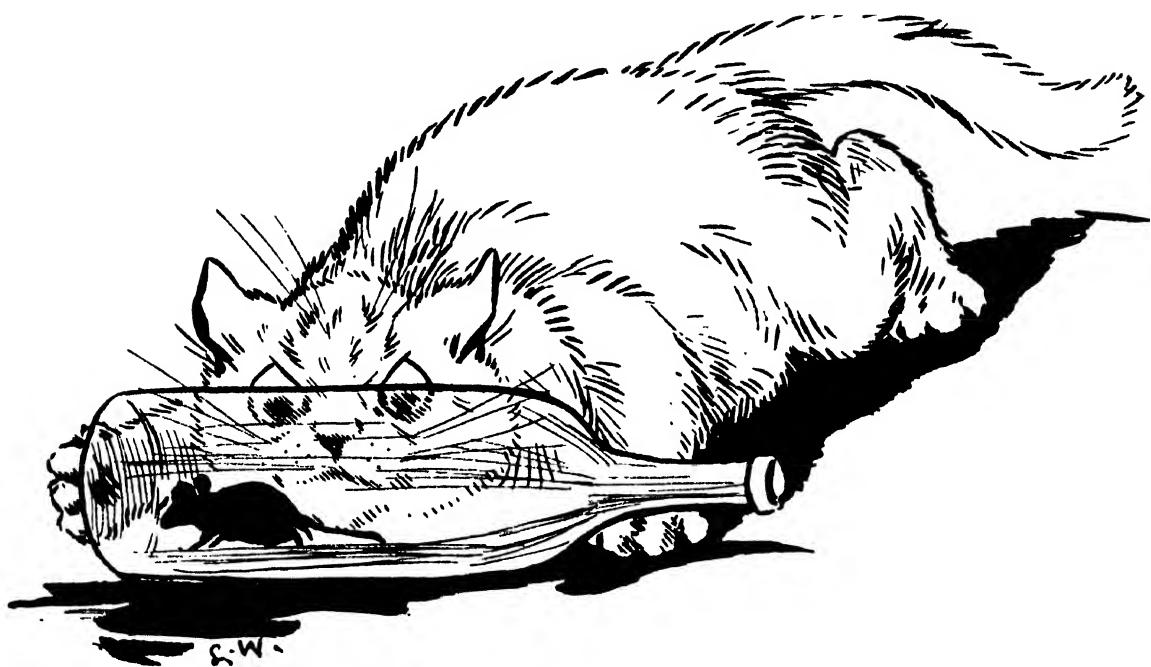
A Pussy-cat hungry was she:

And gently she purred

When that Mousie she heard:

Said she, “There’s a dinner for me!”

Then the Mouse hunt began,
And they scampered and ran
All under the tables and chairs,
Up and down, in and out,
'Twas a regular rout,
Till she chased that Mouse all down the stairs.



At the scullery door
There lay on the floor
A bottle—Mouse slipped into that;
There, all of a shake
And a tremble and quake
From his tail to his whiskers, he sat!

That Pussy-cat tried
To get one paw inside,
In vain, and she gave such a whine,
For 'twould vex you and me
A nice dinner to see,
And not to be able to dine!

At the bottom she pawed
And she scratched and she clawed,
While the Mousie ran out at the top;
And that little brown Mouse
Got safe back to his house,
And there, if he's wise, he will stop!





WHEN Tabby missed a lovely catch
To-day in the great Cats' Cricket Match,



Louis Wain.

The rest of the Kittens, with good cause,
Shouted out loudly, "Butter-paws!"

He and She.

S AID he to her, "Good day, Miss Mew;
The morning's nice and fine;"
Said she to him, "The same to you;
The sun's inclined to shine!"

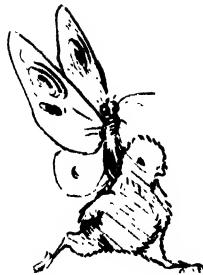


Said he to her, "You'd like a row?—
It's such a lovely day!"
She said to him, "I'd love to go,
But what would people say?"



A Marvellous Transformation.

A PUSSY-CAT went out one day,
And, looking o'er the wall,
She saw what seemed to her a crowd
Of Doggies great and small;
A sight to fright the bravest Cat
That ever wore a tail—
And—wondrous thing!—that Pussy-cat
Became a little pale!



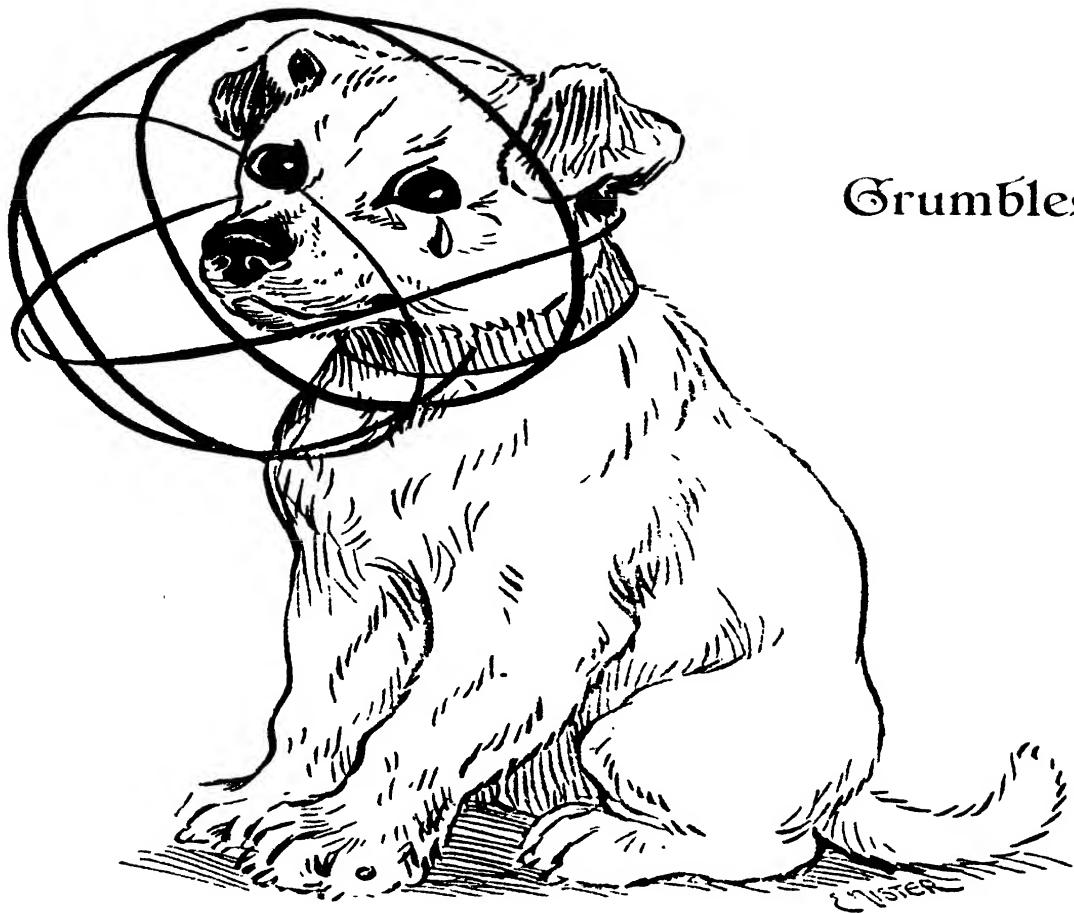
The Butterfly Ball.

H, carry me, Chickie, as quickly
As you can to the Grasshoppers' Hall;
They've sent me a beautiful ticket
For the Bee and the Butterfly Ball.



"I'm late as it is, for it took me
So long to put on my fine things;
I'd fly there myself in ten minutes
But I don't want to soil my new wings!"
And that Chickie, he travelled so quickly,
The Butterfly got to the ball
As the Gnats were preparing the supper,
And the Glowworms were lighting the hall!





Grumbles.

CANNOT sleep, I cannot fight,
I cannot bark, I cannot bite,
I'm sure I look a perfect fright—
And why I've got it cn's a puzzle.
I can't enjoy a juicy bone,
I think I am, as you will own,
The saddest puppy ever known—
It's all because I wear this muzzle!

The Three Bears.

AND the great Big Bear to the Middling Bear,

“We'll go for a drive,” said he;

“And I'll be the coach, the fine large coach,

And you'll be the good gee-gee!”

“And I'll be the passenger

going for a drive,”

Said the dear little Bear Babie!





The Latest Fashion.

SHE'S a fashionable cat,
And she never wears a hat
That is not of what is
quite the latest style;

So when she goes down the street
Every Pussy she may meet
Takes a pattern of her new hat with a smile!



How to Catch Fish.

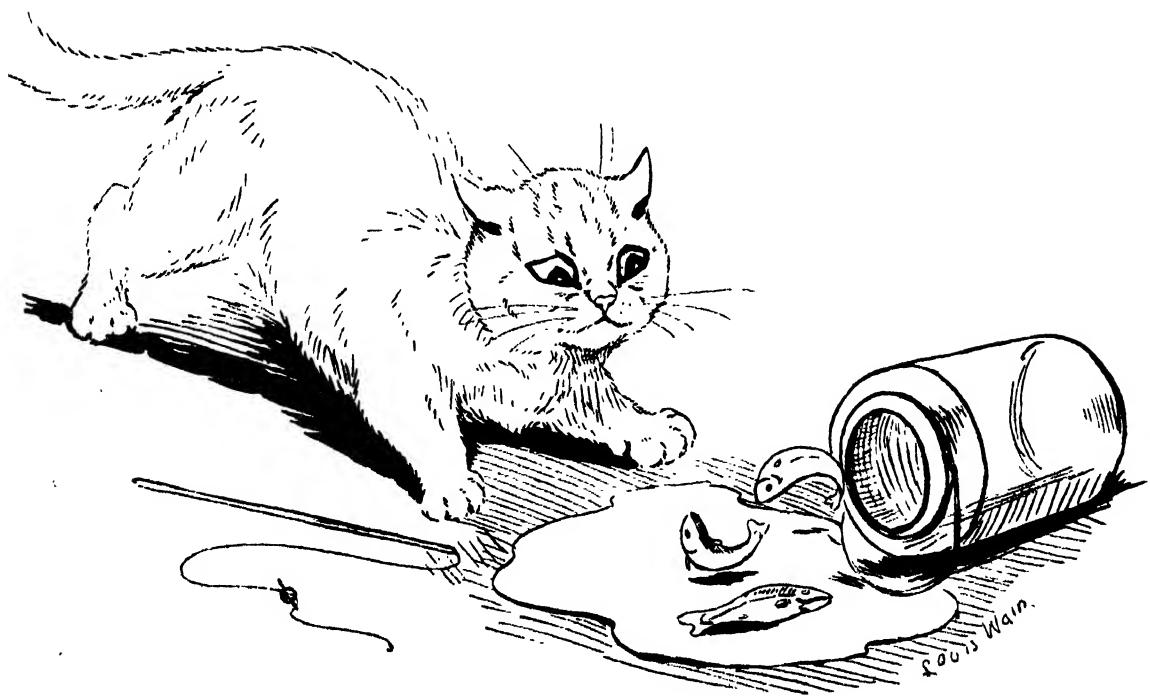
'TWAS a little tabby Kitten,
And she said, "Oh, how I wish
I could catch you for my dinner,
For I'm very fond of Fish!"
So she tried her luck at angling,
With a little rod and line,
But those selfish little Fishes
All declined to come and dine!



Kitty threw her rod and line down,
And she gave a little sigh,
Then she put her little paw in,
Quite a different plan to try;
But the Fishes were so slippery
And the water was so wet,
Though she tried and tried her hardest,
Not one Fishie could she get!

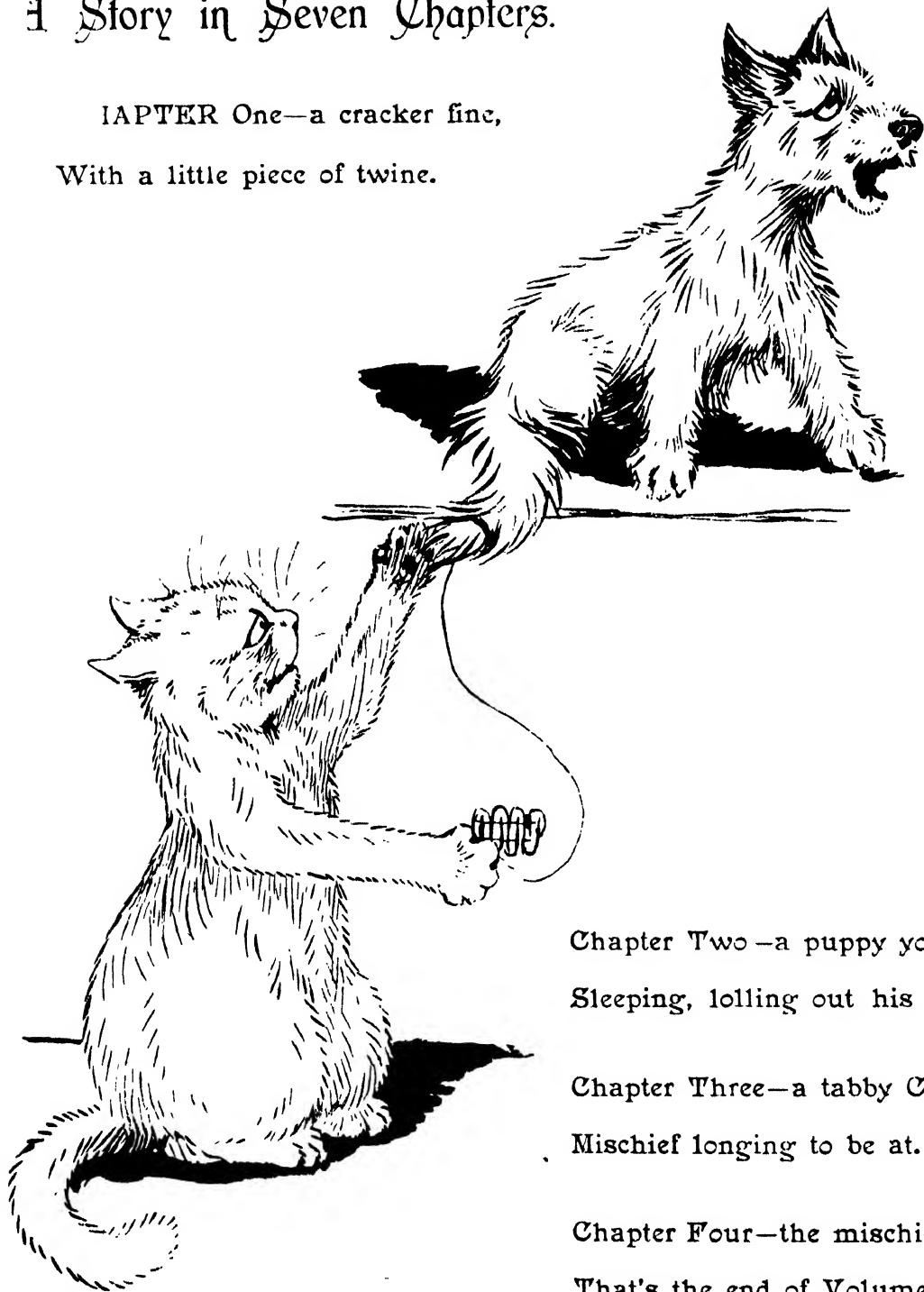
Then that Kitty got quite angry,
And her paws were both so wet,
That she pulled them out so quickly
That the pickle-jar upset.

There were all the little Fishes,
And since then, what do you think?
Kitty now upsets the milk-jug
When she wants some milk to drink!



A Story in Seven Chapters.

CHAPTER One—a cracker fine,
With a little piece of twine.



Chapter Two—a puppy young,
Sleeping, lolling out his tongue.

Chapter Three—a tabby Cat,
Mischief longing to be at.

Chapter Four—the mischief's done:
That's the end of Volume One!

Chapter Five—four puppy feet
Strolling idly down the street.

Chapter Six—a naughty boy,
Lighted match, and shouts of joy.

Chapter Seven—a bang—a flare—
Four feet flying in the air!

Puppy's damaged—boy's in glory—
End of Volume Two and story!





Down by the Sea.

YOUNG Tib, young Tab, and Tittums wee
Once spent a fortnight by the sea;
They paddled in the waves, but oh!
Beyond their ankles did not go.

They built sand-castles every day,
And all three Kits were heard to say,
"If all that great big lot of sea
Were milk, how lovely it would be!"

Found at Last.

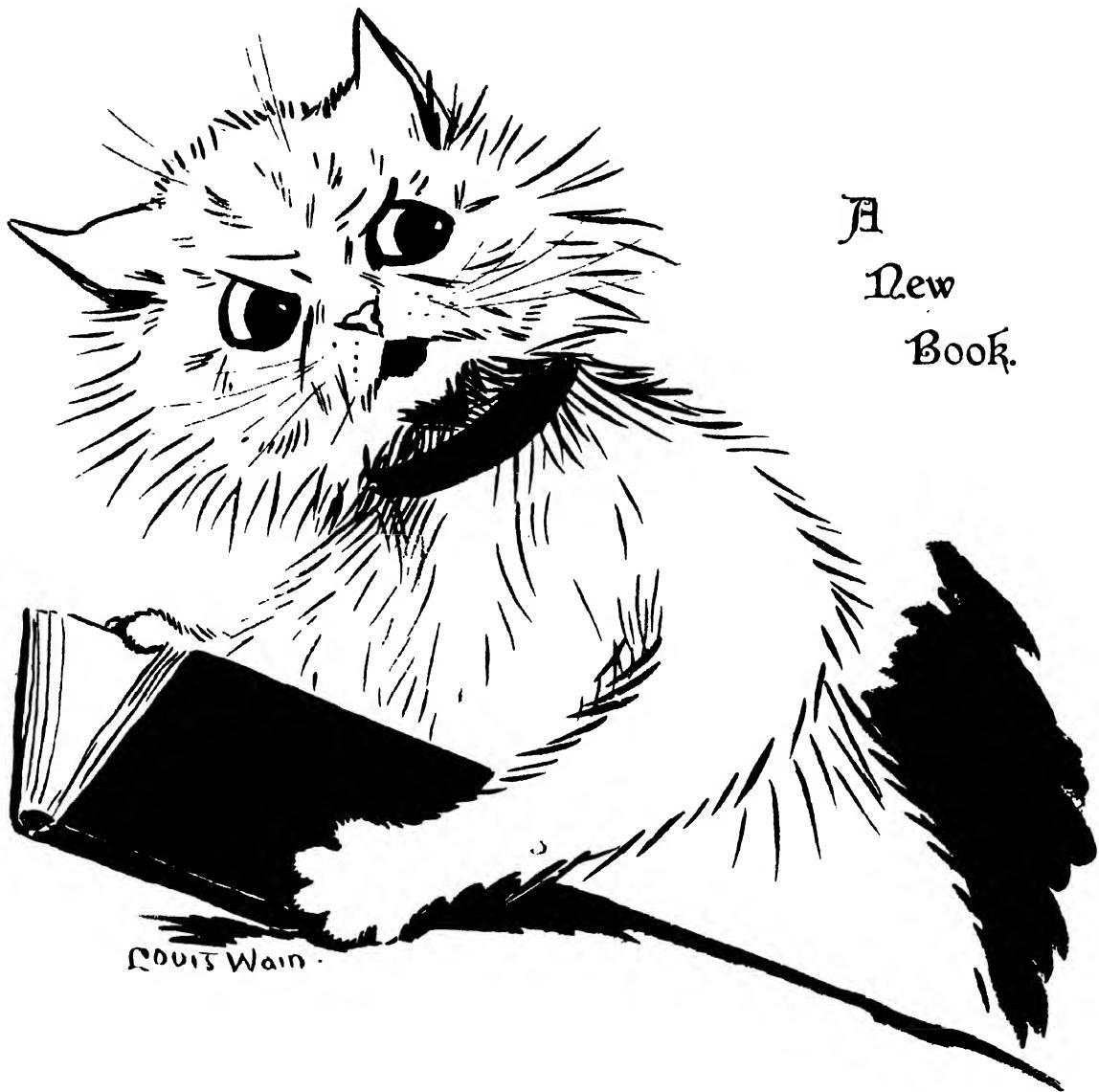
WHAT'S the Pole! How do I know?

I'm quite certain it is so.

Look, and you will see the buns—

Three large, lovely currant ones!





WHAT am I reading?—Something new:

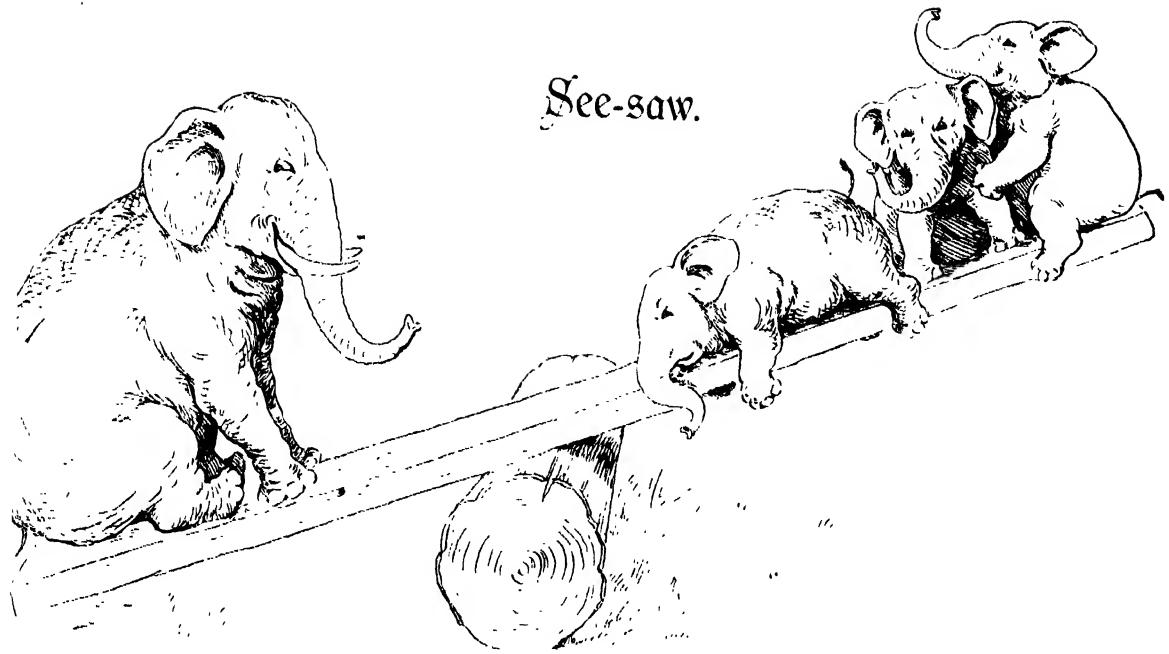
A treatise by Professor Mew

On how to educate your Kitten—

The finest volume ever written!

I have no Kittens? Well, that's so;

But I can teach those who have, you know!



See-saw.

“We will have a game at See-saw,

Just to pass the time,” said he.

“That’s a really splendid notion,”

Cried his babies one, two, three!

So they put a nice big plank up,

And at once began to play;

“Oh! dear father,” cried the babies,

“What a dreadful lot you weigh!

“You’re so big and heavy, father,”

Cried those babies young and small,

“We can ‘see’ quite beautifully,

But we cannot ‘saw’ at all!”



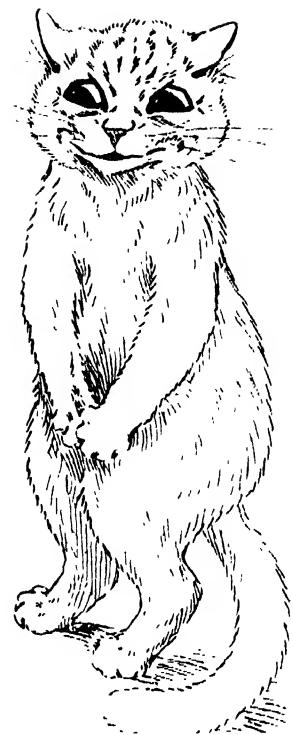
The D.

Of course, you've heard of the Dogs' Band,
Oh! don't they make a row,
And then come round collecting pence,
With a bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!



nd.

Conductor Pincher beats the time;
Each one the tune enjoys;
They say they're making music, but
I say they're making noise!



Tip-cat.

Tip-CAT, tip-cat!

That's the game to play,
Up the street and down the street,
All on a summer's day!

You take a pointed piece of wood,
You strike it straight and true,
And if it flies up to the skies
The score is "one to you."

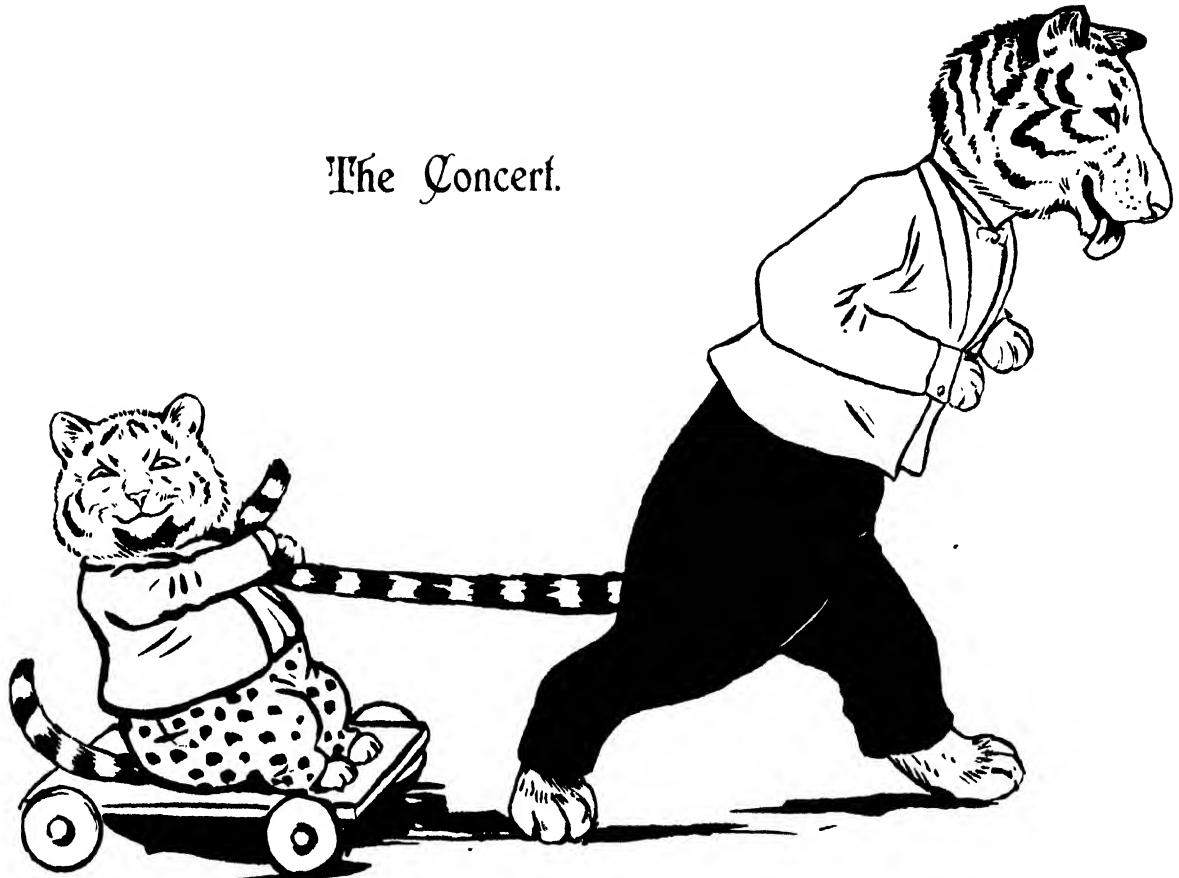
Tip-cat, tip-cat!

When Tabby played the game,
Young Tommy watched close by, and thought
He'd like to do the same!

And when the tip-cat hit him hard
Just where his whiskers grew,
Poor Tommy yelled, and Tabby cried,
"The score is one to you!"



The Concert.



HAVK you heard of the Animals' Concert

That they gave at the Zoo one day?

I'm told that everyone was present

Who could possibly get away.

Some went in their coaches or carriages,

And some went on their own four paws;

Baby Tiger rode on her new motor,

That Tiger Tim carefully draws.

The first one to appear was the Lion,
Who with his paws such skill employs;
He thumped and he banged the piano,
As if he thought music meant noise!

When they shouted: "Bravo!" and encored him,

He bowed, with a shake of his mane,

And he felt quite a Lion pianist,

As he sat down

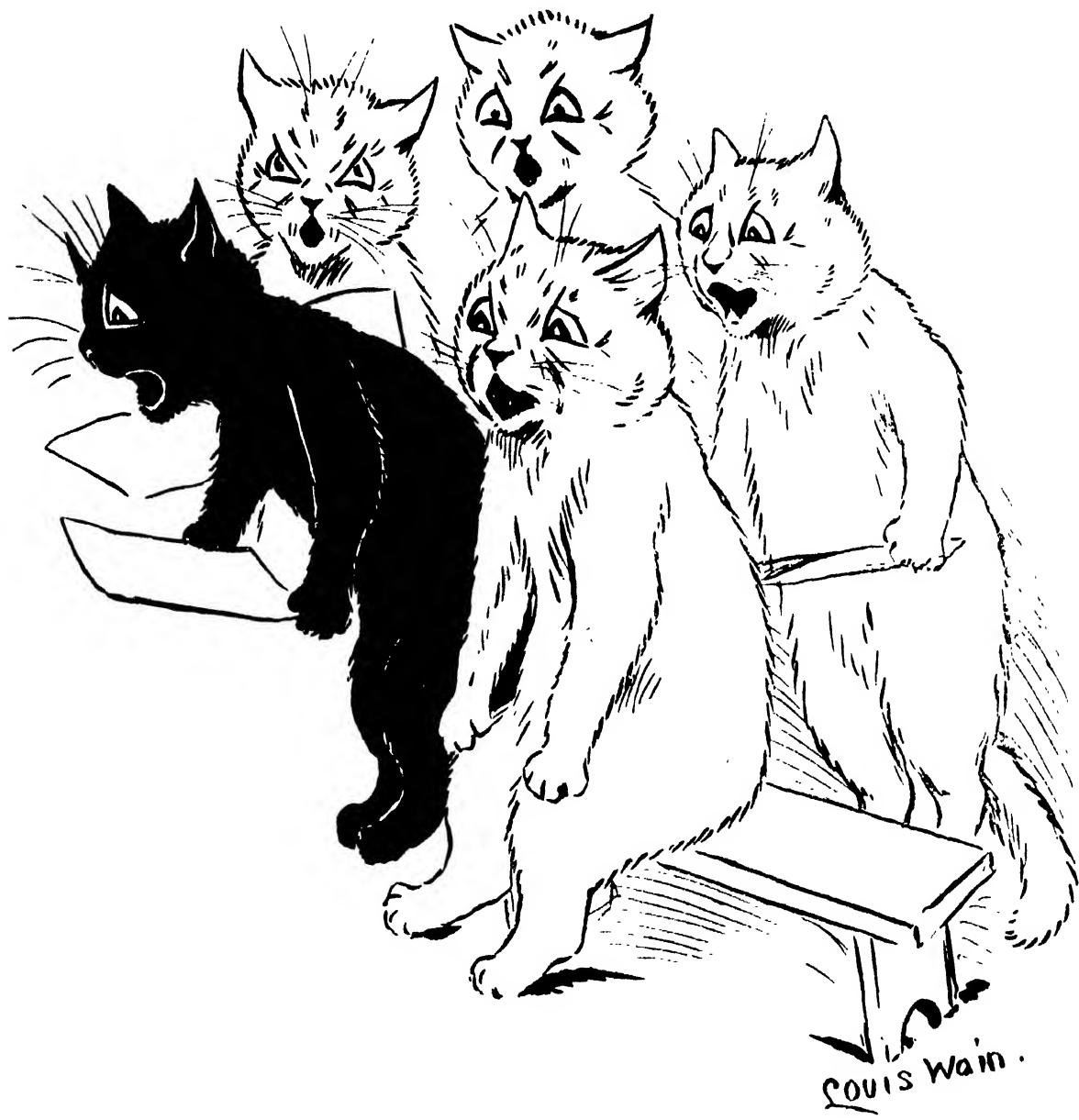
and playcd again!





Next there came Thomas Purr, the Conductor,
Who met with a storm of applause;
He conducted the famous Cat Chorus,
With their music held in their paws.

When they sang all the windows were opened,
And boots, bricks, and things came out flop,
For they made such a noise that the neighbours
Thought it time for the Concert to stop!



The Portrait.



SIT quite still, sir, on that chair;
Do not stir, and pray don't stare;
Try to give a pleasant smile—
Do not grin, sir, in that style.
Think of something very nice,
Cotton reels, or milk, or mice.
Ha! that's good—now you can laugh
It's a splendid photograph!

The Animals' Cricket Match.

Animals' great Cricket Match

Took place the other day;

The Cat was there, for she could catch

The Mice so well, they say.

He Lion went in

first, I'm told,

Though brave

without a doubt;

They all knew well

that he was bold —

Alas! it was

"bowled" out!

The Elephant was

sent in next,

But failed to

make a score,

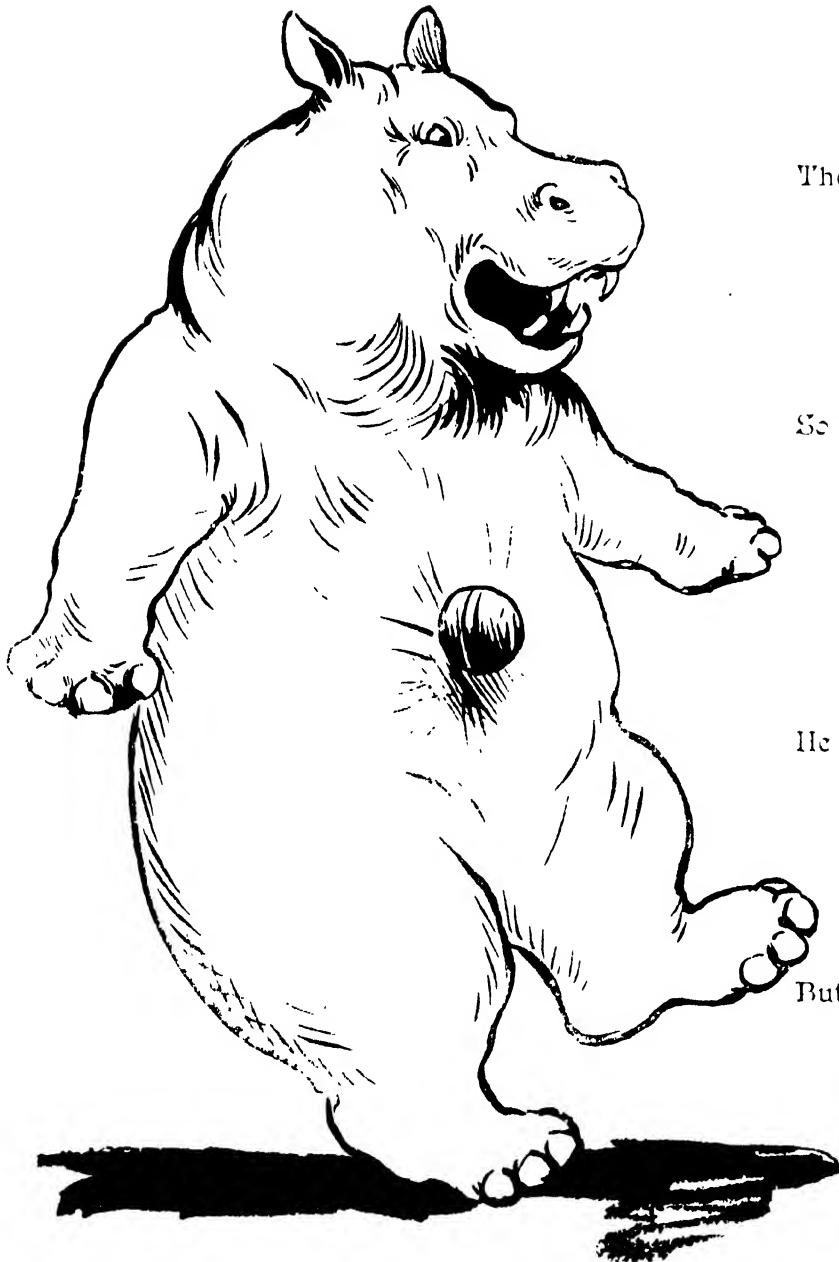
For he was soon

sent back perplexed —

For being

"trunk before."





The Hippo was
the long-stop made;
He was not
slim or small,
So no one felt
a bit afraid
He would not
stop the ball.

He stopped it finely,
as you see,
He fielded it
with ease;
But when they cried:
"No ball," said he:
"I'll bawl now,
if you please!"

He went away at last, because
The ball was much too strong;
So, though the Hippo long-stop was,
He didn't stop there long.

The Antelope of course was there—
He'd such a graceful form;
They also had the Polar Bear,
Who played to make him warm!

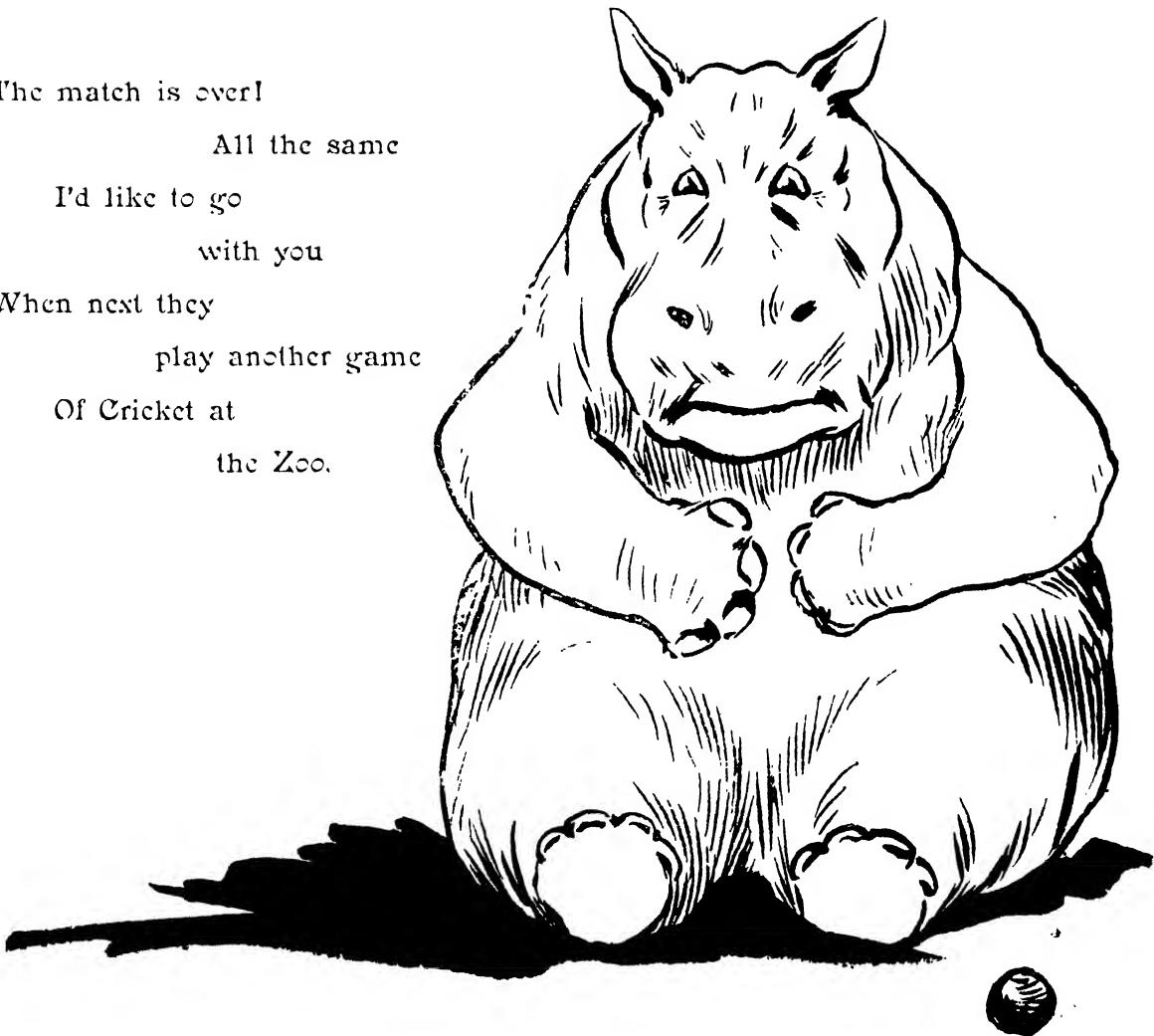
The Umpire Hippopotamus
Was made as well, you know;
The others dared not make a fuss
When he said: "Out you go!"

The match is over!

All the same

I'd like to go
with you

When next they
play another game
Of Cricket at
the Zoo.



The Little Truant.

APA, angry as could be,
Took young Bruin on his knee;
Couldn't find a chair, so sat
Down upon his Sunday hat!

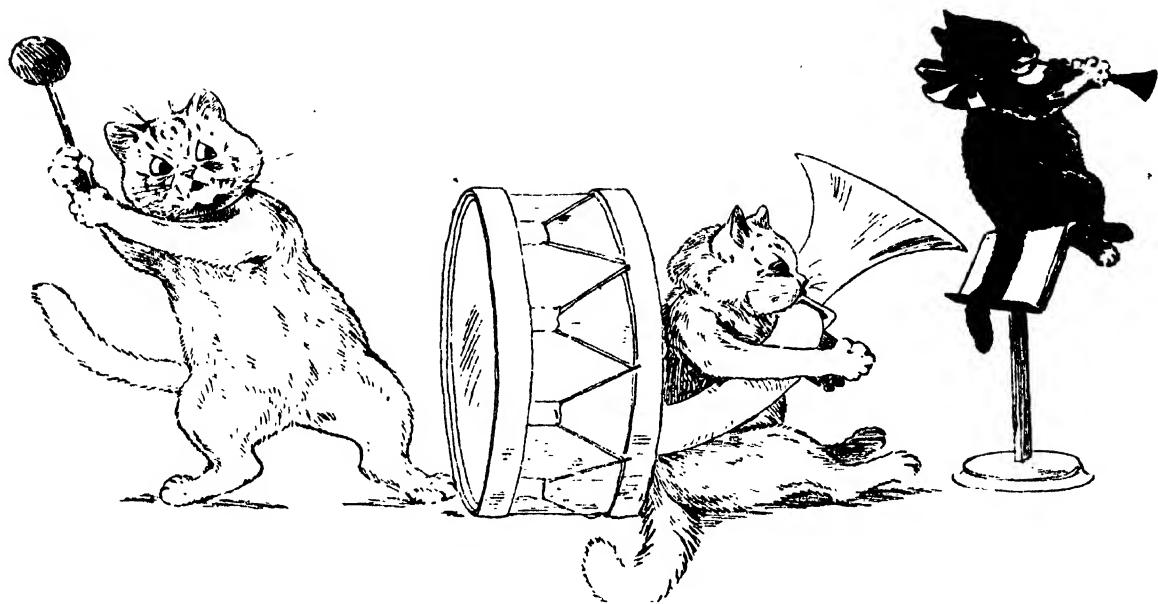
“Listen, sir, and have a care:
You're a naughty little bear,
Playing truant from your school-
Corner, cane, and dunce's stool!”





Papa, who had angry grown,
Quite forgot he weighed ten stone—
Hat gave way and then, hal ha!
Down came Bruin and Papa!

Bruin laughed until he cried,
Papa laughed in time, beside—
That was why, so people say,
Bruin got no cane that day!



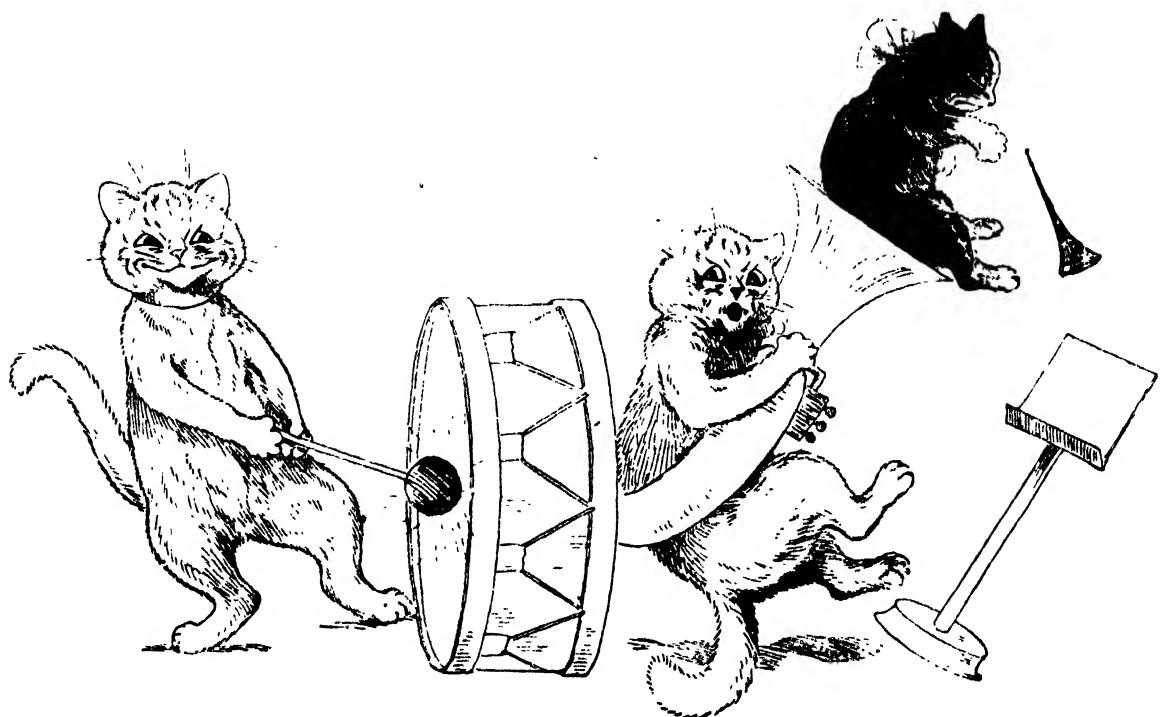
The Tom Cat Band.

KN the Tom Cat Band was started,
'Twas a really lovely band;
You could hear their splendid music
From Kamtsatka to the Strand!

They'd a Kit who played the cornet,
And a big euphonium,
But the one who played the loudest
Was the Cat who beat the drum!

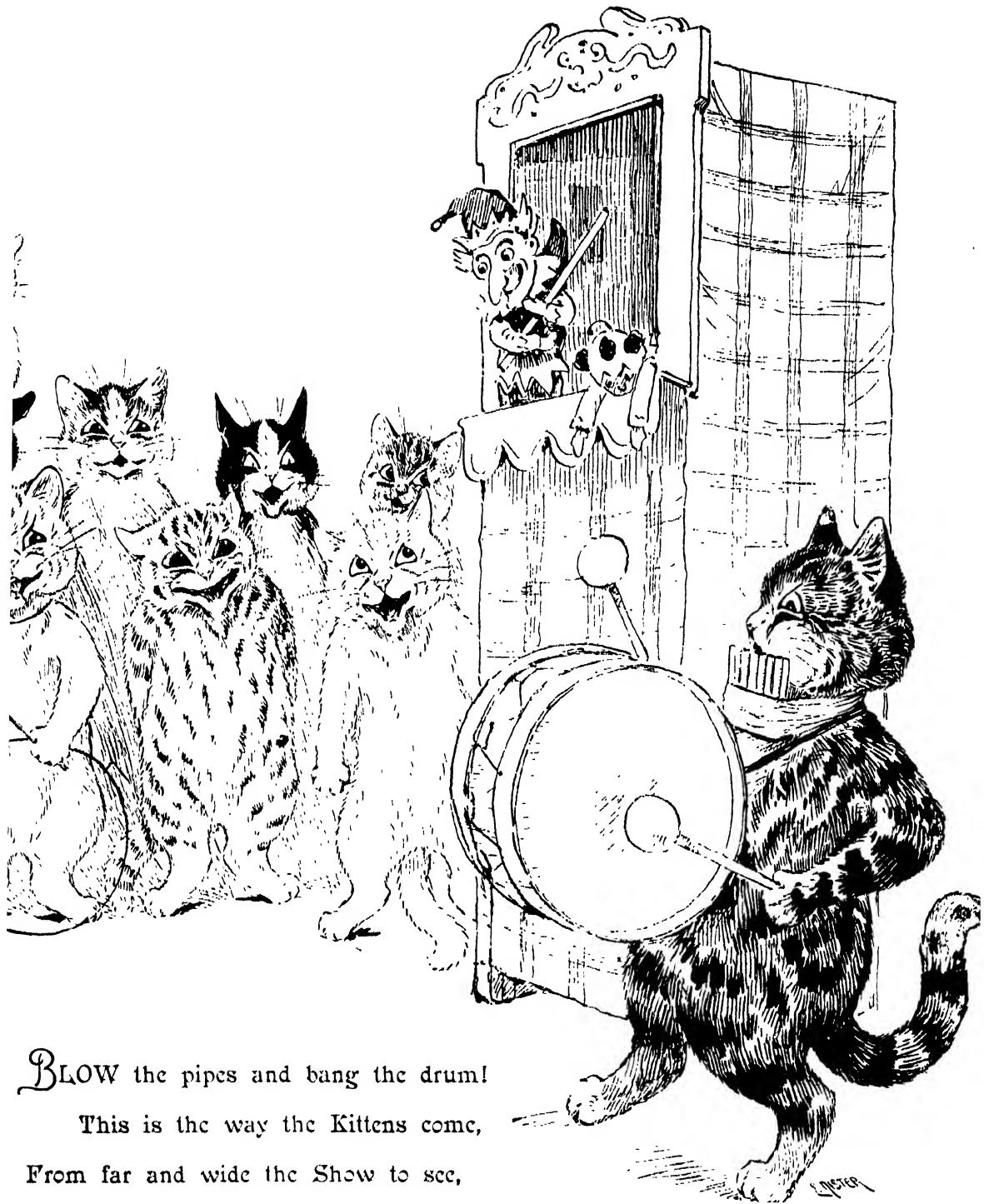
Oh! he was so energetic,
Though the others did their best,
When he banged it, you could scarcely
Hear the playing of the rest!

Till at last he so upset them,
It was more than they could stand—
And that Tom Cat's noisy drumming
Quite broke up the Tom Cat Band!



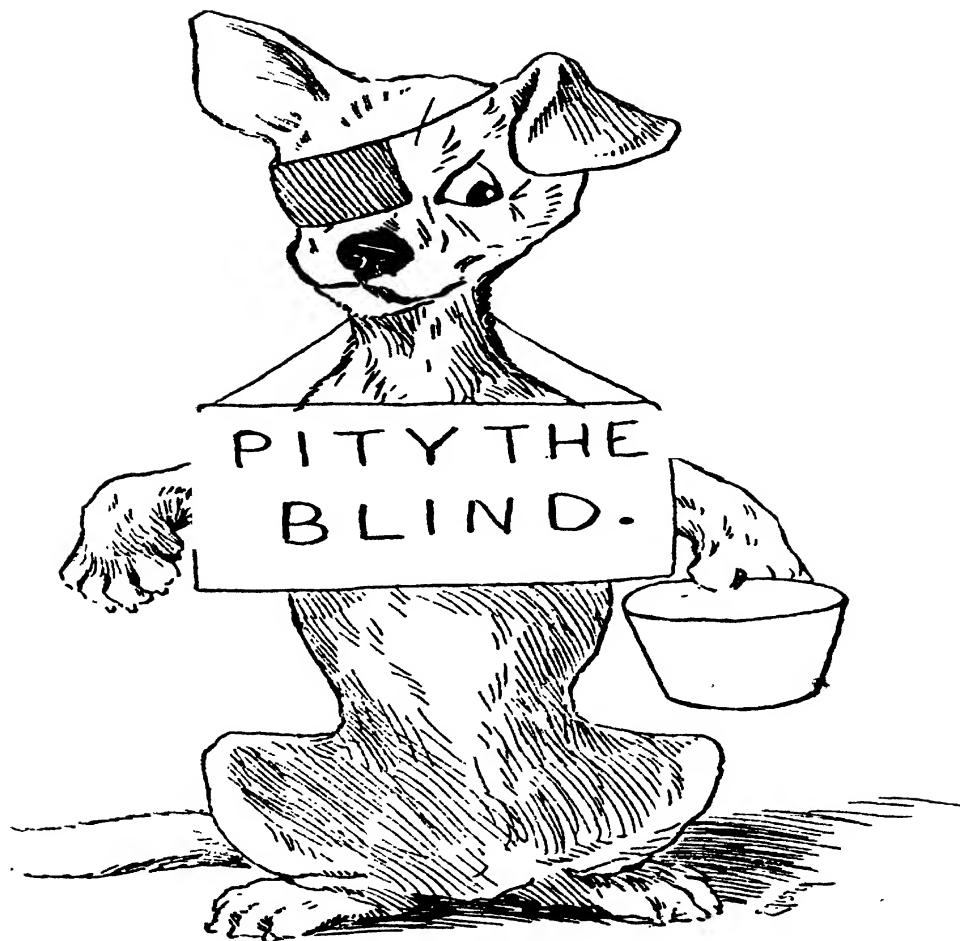


Louis Wain



BLOW the pipes and bang the drum!

This is the way the Kittens come,
From far and wide the Show to see,
Punch and Judy, and Dog Tobee!



"Pity

COBY one afternoon thought he'd be smart,
Put a patch over one eye for the part,
Got a big placard with "Pity the Blind!"
Sat at the busy street corner and whined!

Somebody passing by gave him a bone;
Toby just sniffed at it, then gave a groan;
"Bones are not quite what I wanted," thought he;
"There's a plateful at home, put out for me!"

"What is that I can smell,
hanging up there?—
Beautiful sausages,
so I declare!"
Up he jumped quickly,
his placard forgot—
No one was looking—
ran off with the lot!

"Lucky I smelt them—
for everyone owns
Meat is much better for
puppies than bones!"
Thought Toby; "besides,
it's a comfort to find
I can still smell a good thing,
though I'm blind!"





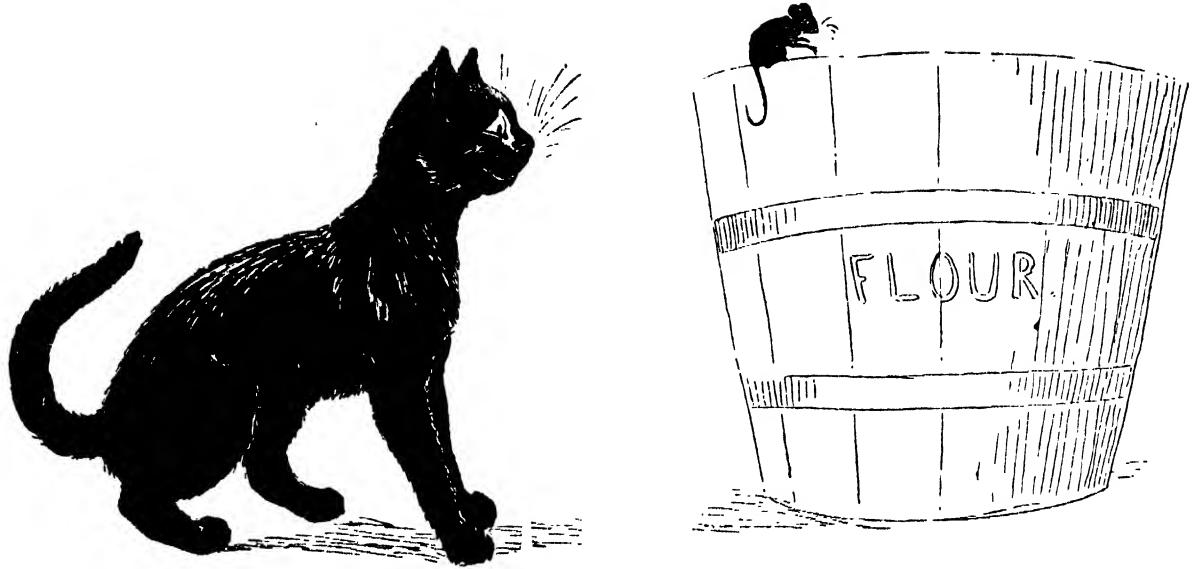
FOR his cold Jumbo dear in a tub puts his toes,
For 'twould take too much tallow to tallow his nose!



The
Scientific Cat.

He is a Scientific Cat,
Professor at the College,
And said to be unequalled at
All sorts and kinds of knowledge.

He's solemn, learned, and precise;
But, if the truth be written,
In spite of that, he catches Mice
No better than a Kitten!



Black and White.

IT was all on baking morning,
And a knowing little Mouse
Came a-creeping very softly
From his tiny staircase house;

And he tasted and he nibbled
For a quarter of an hour;
"Oh," cried he, "this is delicious--
I'm so very fond of flour!"



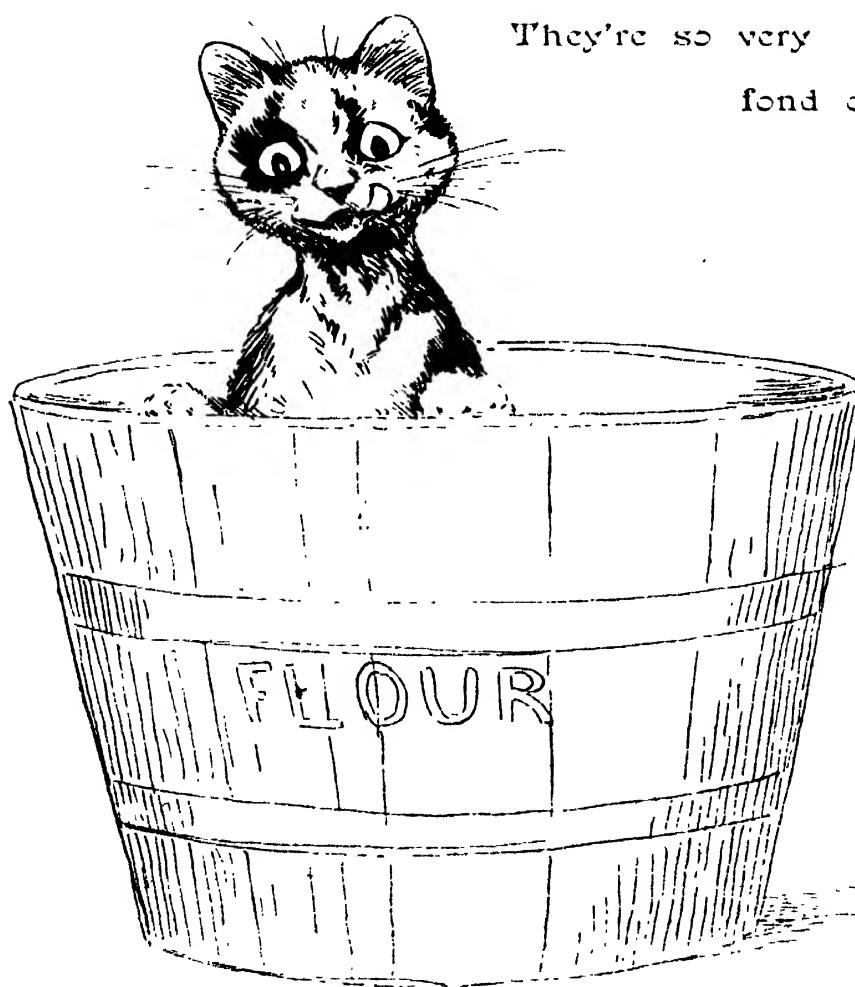
But a Tom Cat black and hungry
Came along the kitchen stair,
With an appetite for dinner,
And he saw that Mousie there;

So he crept up nearer, nearer,
And that Mousie looked so nice--
"This," thought he, "shall be my dinner--
I'm so very fond of mice!"

Then he gave a spring tremendous,
But he didn't catch him quite,
And the flour in that flour barrel
Turned that black Cat almost white!

And that little Mousie, laughing,
Ran back home to tell his folks;
"Oh," cried he, "they'll laugh to hear this—

They're so very
fond of jokes!"





The Doctor's Room

With faces full of grief and gloom
 The Kits come up to the Doctor's room;
 There in his straight-backed chair he sits,
 Giving advice to invalid Kits!

Pain in your heads, pain in your tails,
 Or anywhere else, he never fails
 To cure them all, and oh! so quick,
 You almost forget you were ever sick!

The Rude Puppy.

LITTLE Miss Tabbykin Mew

Went out in the sunshiny weather,

With a sash and a sunshade new,

And a hat with a lovely feather.

But a puppy (whose name, somehow,

Isn't known, so we can't put that in)

Came along, with a rude bow-wow,

And caught hold of her costume of satin.

And little Miss Tabbykin Mew

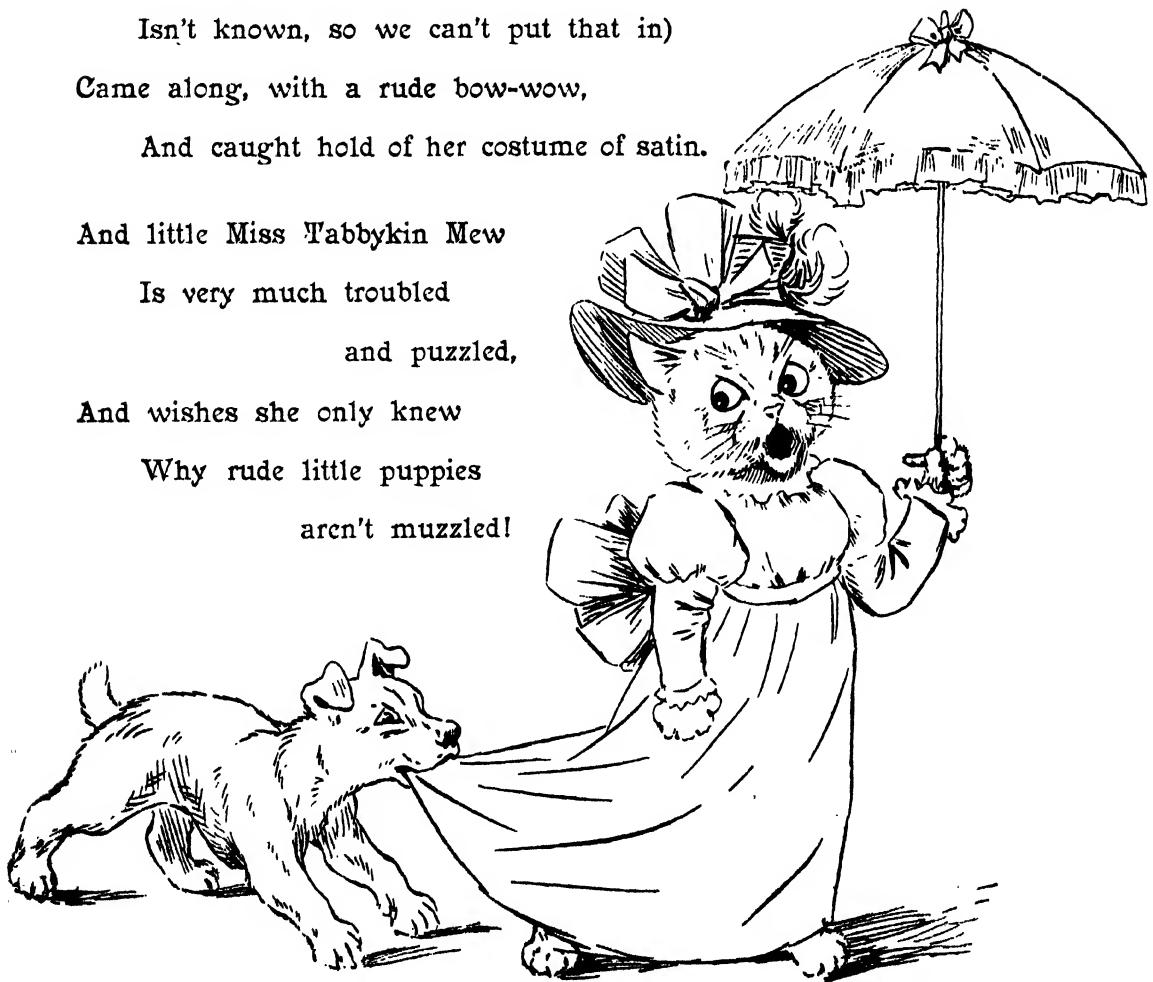
Is very much troubled

and puzzled,

And wishes she only knew

Why rude little puppies

aren't muzzled!



My Sweetheart when a Kit!

I AM a grown-up Pussy now,

But often I recall

My little sweetheart Bow-wow-wow,

When I was young and small!

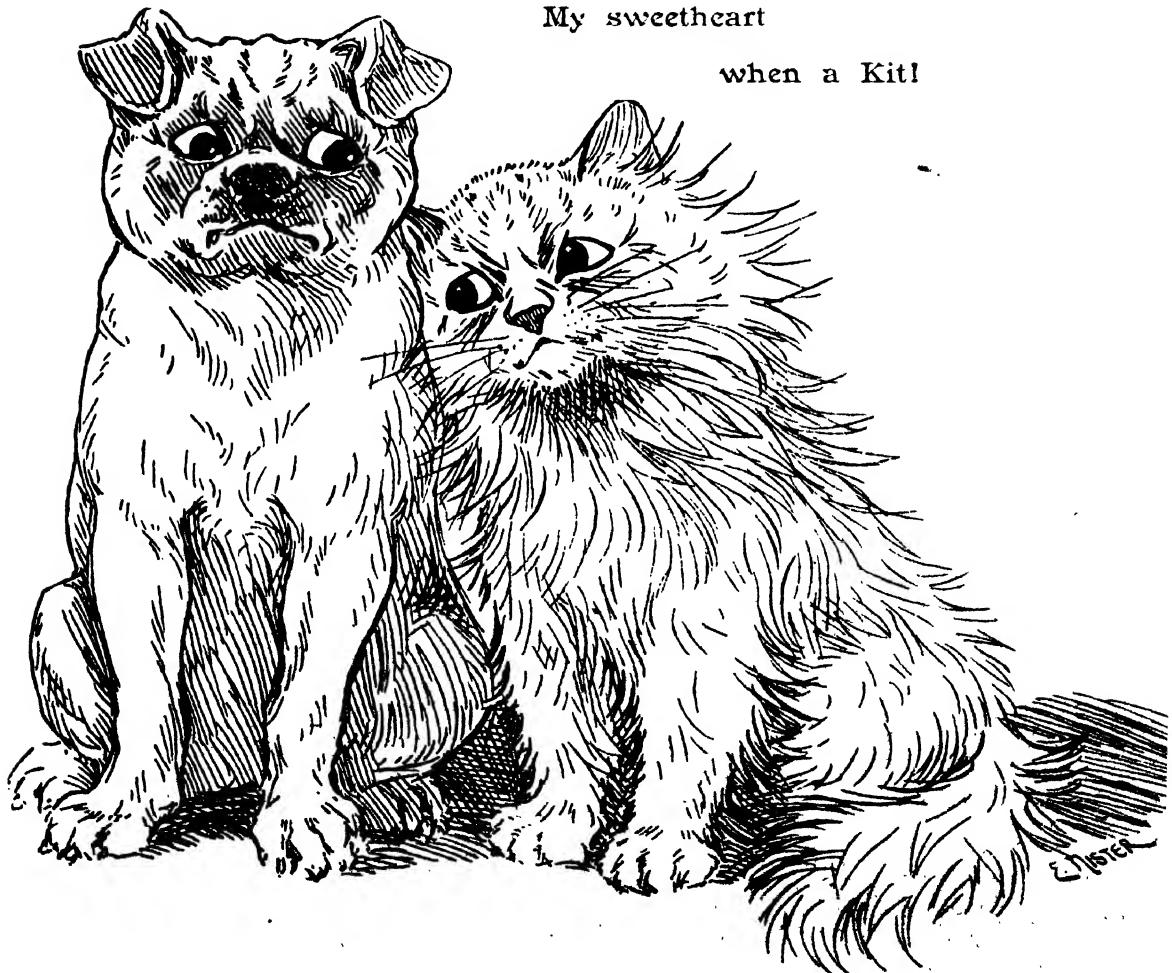
He was a puppy round and fat,

And by his side I'd sit—

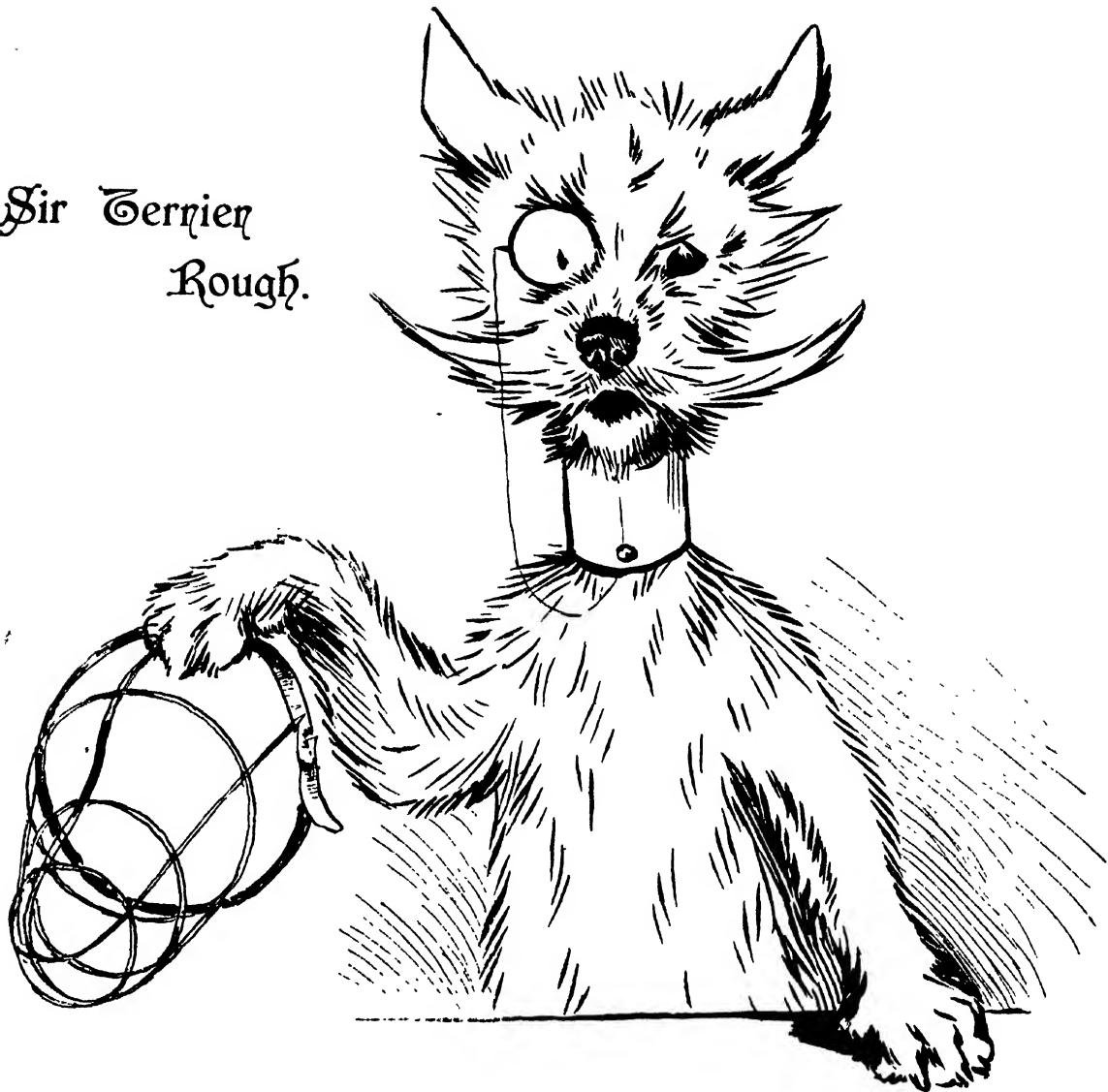
I can't forget, though I'm a Cat,

My sweetheart

when a Kit!



Sir Terrier
Rough.



SIR TERRIER ROUGH, of Piccadilly,
Thinks muzzles are quite too, too silly:
No dog with a distinguished air
An eye-glass with that cage can wear!



Wet Paint.

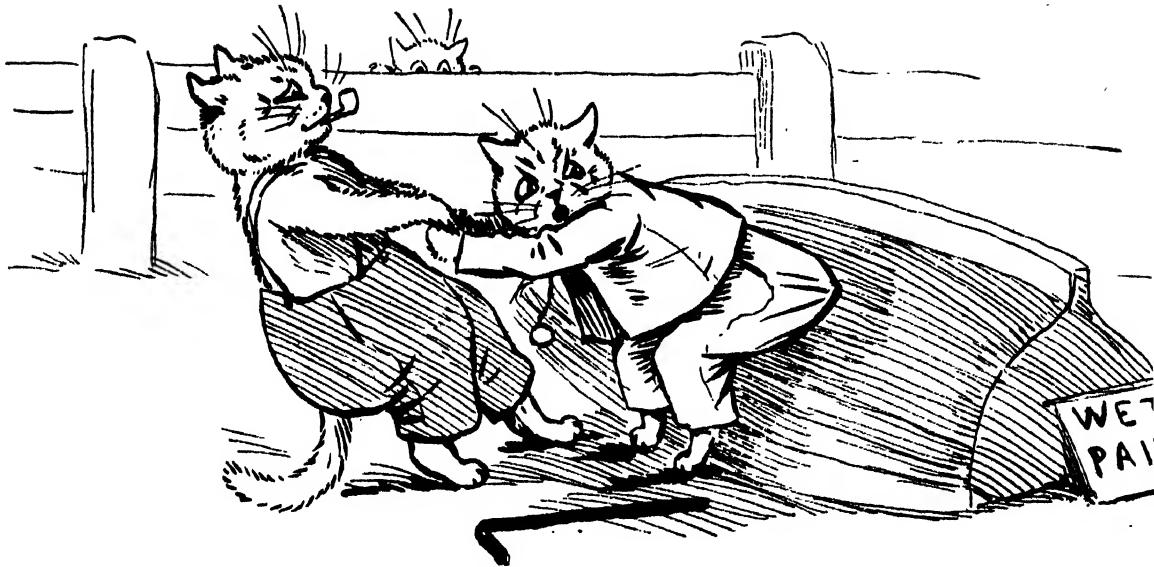
He was a jolly sailor Cat,
Who had a jolly-boat,
And he, of course, sailed out in that
Whene'er he went afloat.

“It would look nice if freshly tarred
And painted up,” thought he;
So all that day he worked so hard
And then went home to tea.

But soon a Cat of high degree,
Not long arrived from Town,
Passed by, and, looking at the sea,
Upon that boat sat down!

He never saw the board: "Wet paint!"
But when it met his eyes
He almost felt inclined to faint,
Because—he could not rise!



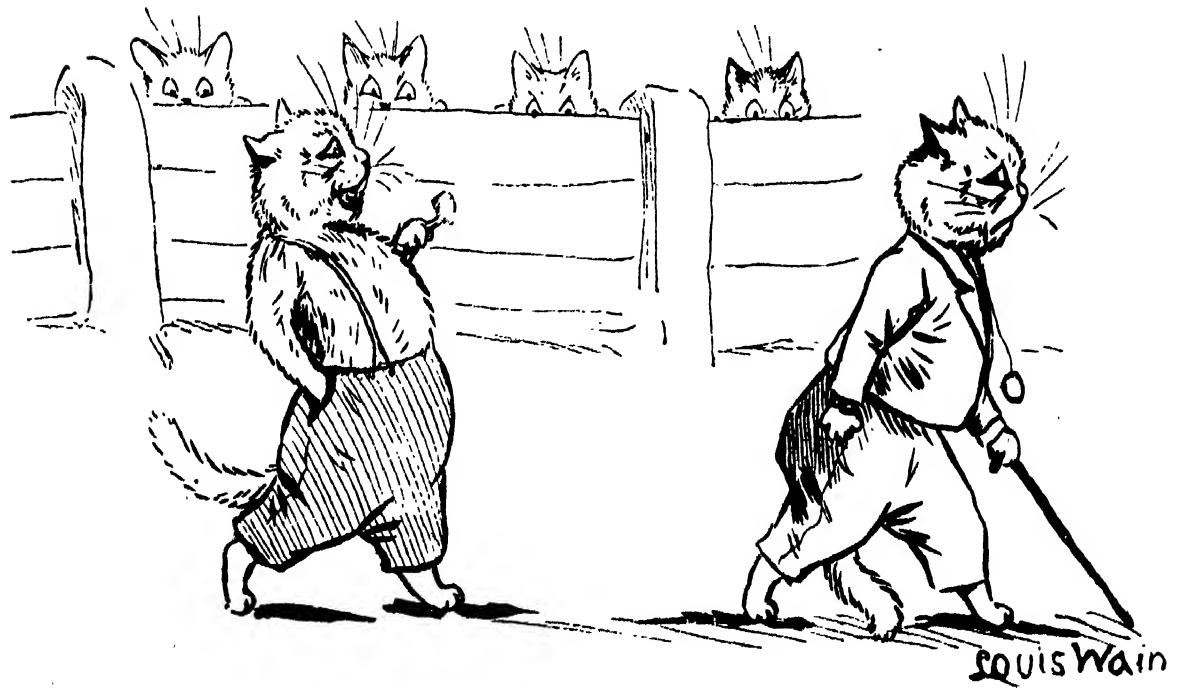


"Help! help!" he shouted, "I'm stuck fast,"
But shouted all in vain,
Until that sailor Cat at last
Came back from tea again.

Tom gave a pull of mighty strength—
"You can't stop there," said he;
He pulled again until, at length,
That Pussy-cat got free.

Then Tom was rude, as Tom-cats are,
And said, "You'll have to pay
For all that lot of paint and tar,
Before you go away!"

The Kittens watched and laughed "Ho! ho!"
That Cat went home so vexed;
He's got a coat (of paint, you know);
He wants new breeches next!





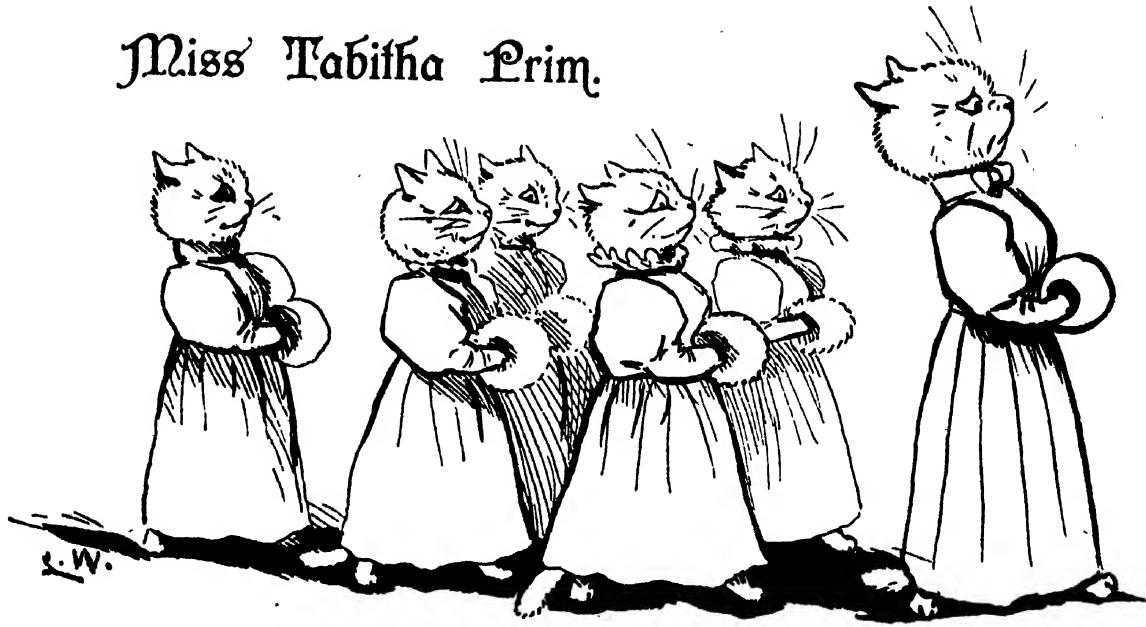
PUSH your hardest, but do not scratch—

That's the rule at the Cat-ball-match!



Louis Wain.

Miss Tabitha Prim.



is Miss Tabitha Tiptoes Prim,
The Cats' schoolmistress stern and grim,
And these are the pupils all so good,
Looking as staid as pupils should.

When they go out, which is every day,
Miss Tabitha Tiptoes leads the way,
Solemnly two by two they walk,
Never a pupil dares to talk

I've heard it said, alas, alack!
Behind Miss Tabitha Tiptoes' back,
Those pupils who appear so grave
In very different way behave!

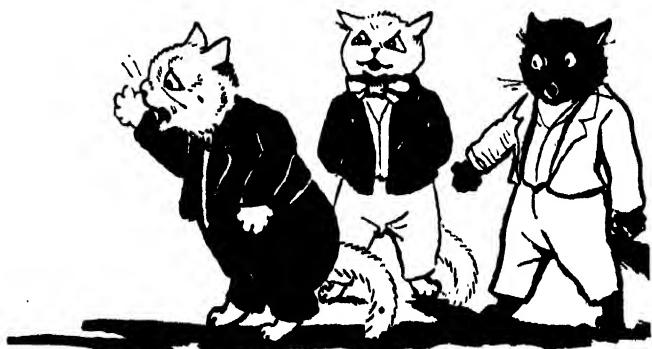


But what is a Kitten girl to do—
Yes, what indeed, I ask of you,
When rude Tom-kittens passing by
Make faces at her, and “Mee-ow” cry?



One morning one—
‘twas rude of him—
Was seen to wink
by Mistress Prim,
Miss Tabitha looked
so fierce, they say
It ought to have
frightened him away!

It didn’t—he winked
again, you know—
Not at Miss Prim,
but pretty Miss Snow;
Miss Prim looked daggers—
the thought of it!
That Kitten rude didn’t
care a bit.





He cared lots presently,
all the same,
For down the street
a Policeman came,
Tortoise-shell Robert
in coat of blue,
Who caught that Kitten
and made him mew!

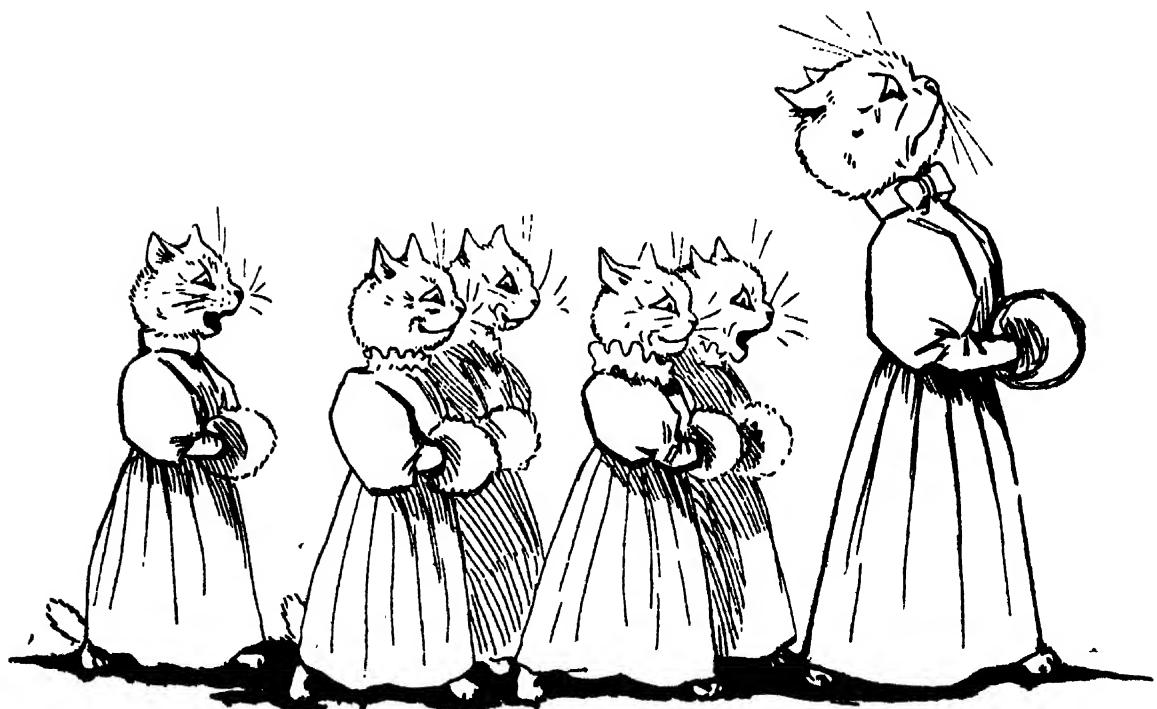
He took his ear and he tweaked it well,
A mile away you could hear him yell;
I'm told he threatened to take him straight
Before Sir Tiger, the Magistrate!

That rude Tom-kitten
then felt afraid,
A terrible hullabaloo
he made;
His brother scapegraces
didn't stay
To see the rest, but
all ran away.



Then Tortoise-shell Robert touched his hat
To grim Miss Prim, like a civil Cat,
And said, "I'll scold him and let him go;
He won't play tricks any more, I know."

So now Miss Tabitha every day
Goes out for a walk in the usual way;
And no one her pupils or peace annoys,
Not even those rude little Tom-cat boys.



The First Dip.

"DON'T stand there and mew like that!"

Cries the bathing Tabby-Cat;

"Be a Kitten bold and brave—

Jump into the nice warm wave!"

"No, I'm not afraid a bit;

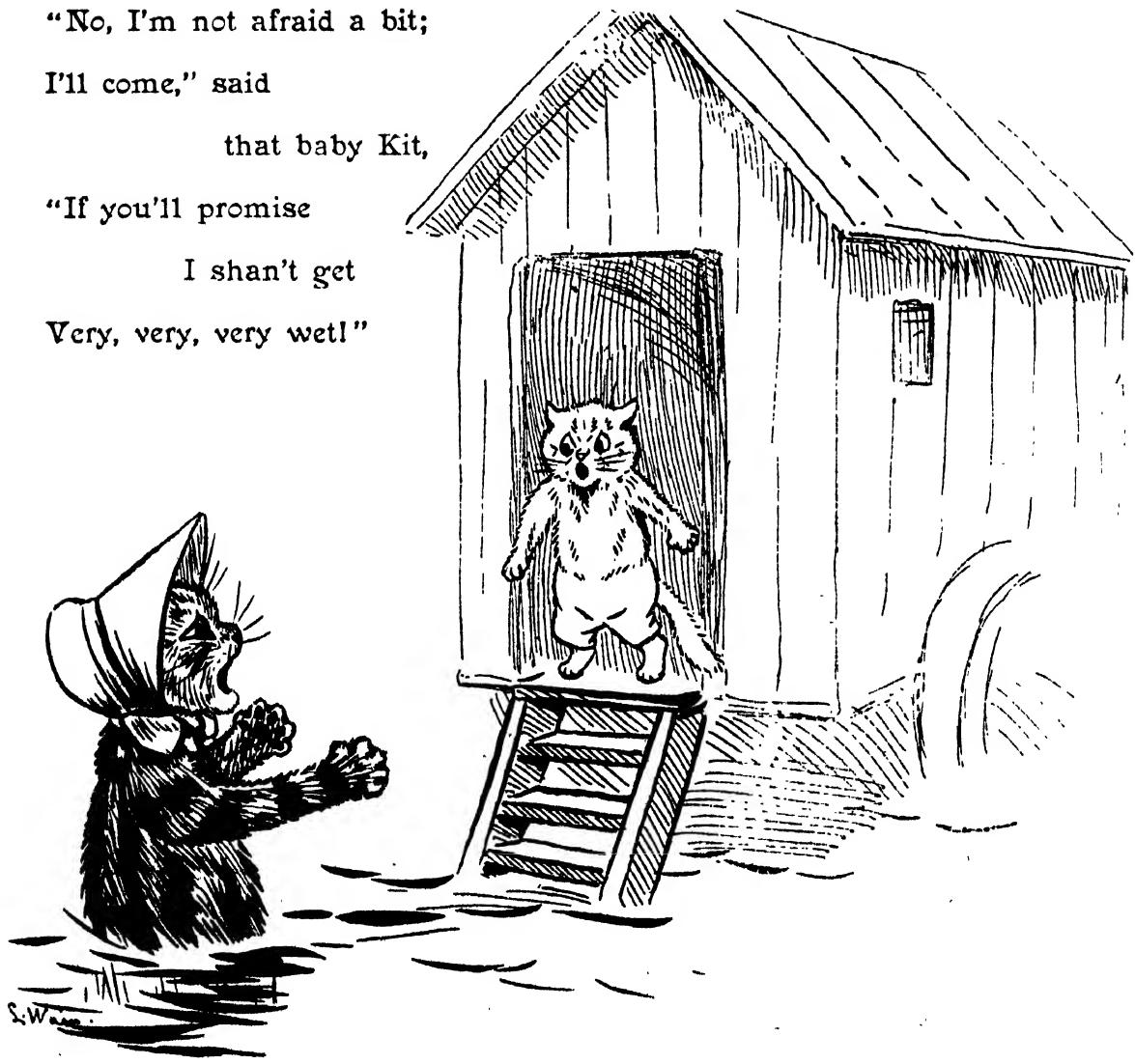
I'll come," said

that baby Kit,

"If you'll promise

I shan't get

Very, very, very wet!"





A Celebrated Q.C.

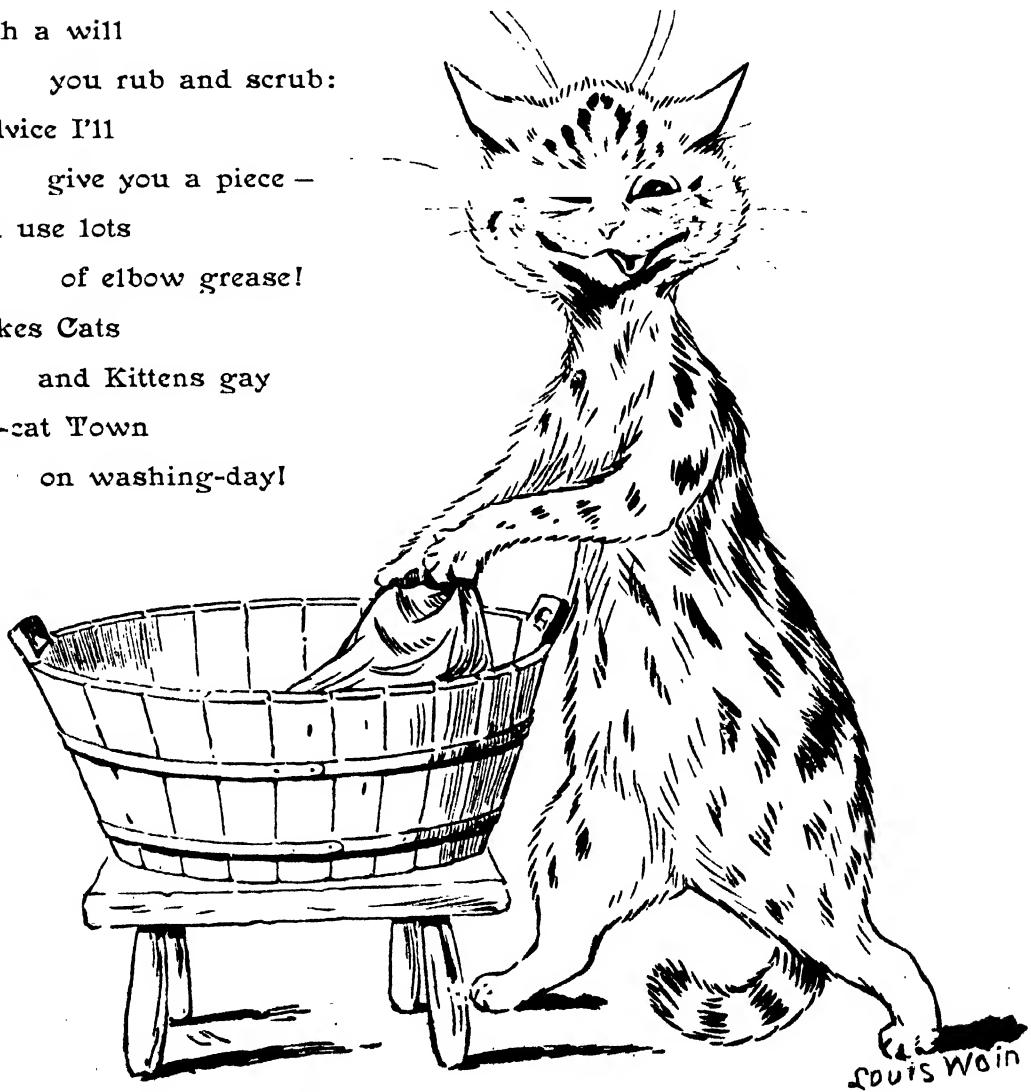
WHEN Purr, that Q.C. of renown,
Puts on his wig and dons his gown
So well his tongue he uses,

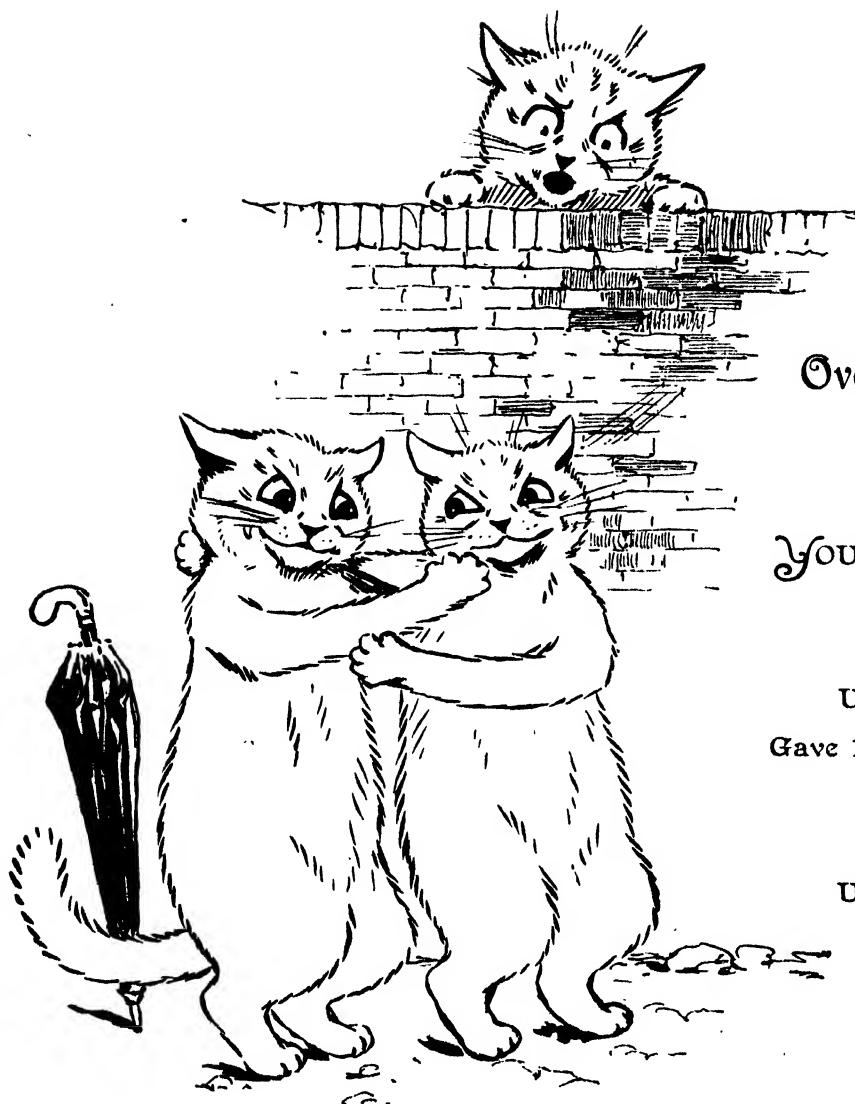
The Jurymen are moved to tears,
And so, whenever he appears,
A case he seldom loses!

Washing-Day.

WHAT do I use to wash with, pray?
Come in and see on washing-day.
Mousetrap soap is a splendid thing—
Makes a Cat laugh and her Kittens sing!
Take a bar and fill up your tub,

Then with a will
you rub and scrub:
But of advice I'll
give you a piece—
Mind and use lots
of elbow grease!
That makes Cats
and Kittens gay
In Pussy-cat Town
on washing-day!





Over the Garden Wall.

YOUNG Mr. Tabby
met pretty
Miss Mew
Under the garden wall
Gave her sweet kisses—
well, more
than two,
Under the garden wall

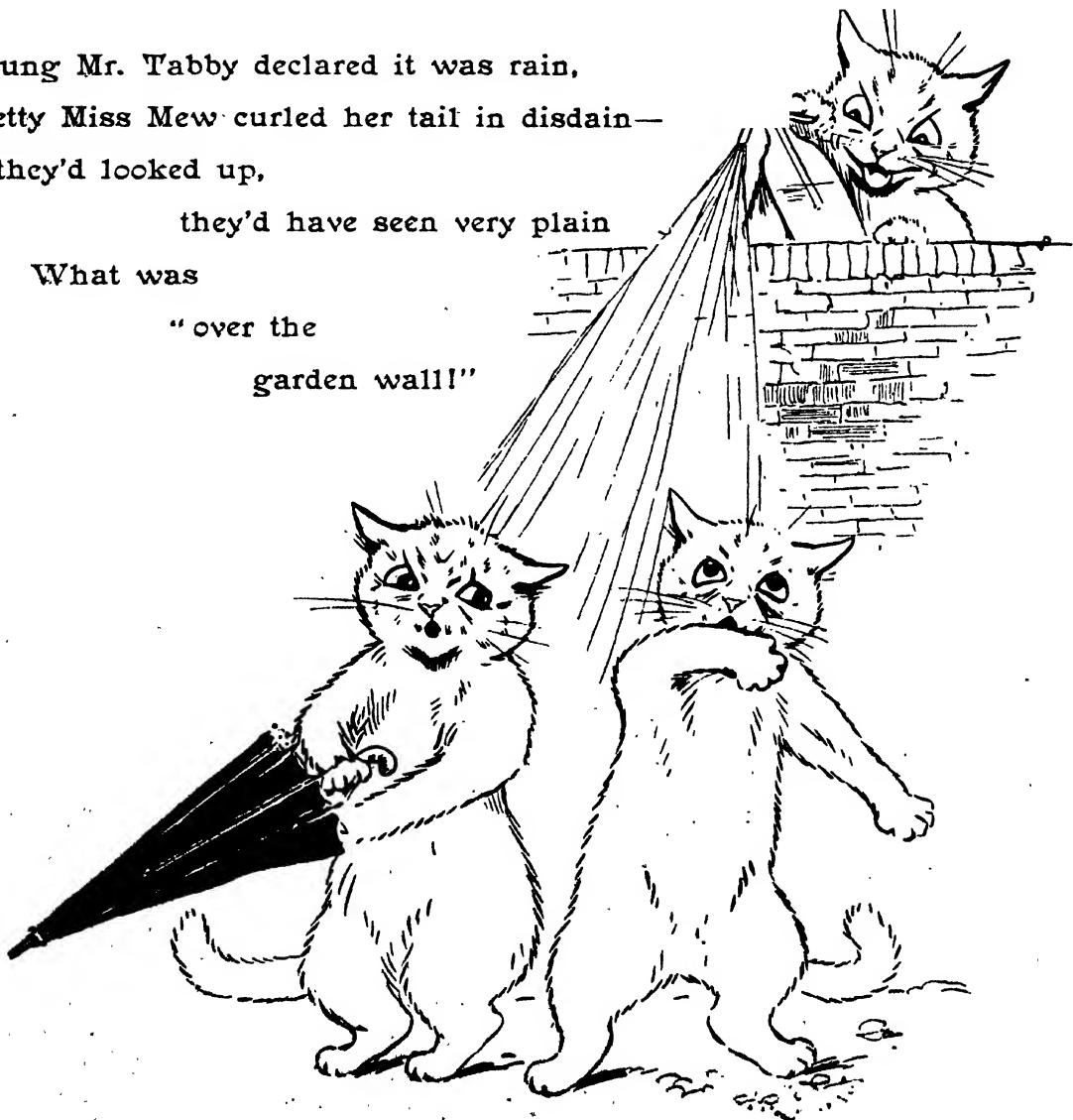
Only they didn't know Tommy was there;
In love and war, of course, spying is fair—
Love-making Pussies should always beware
Of "under the garden wall!"

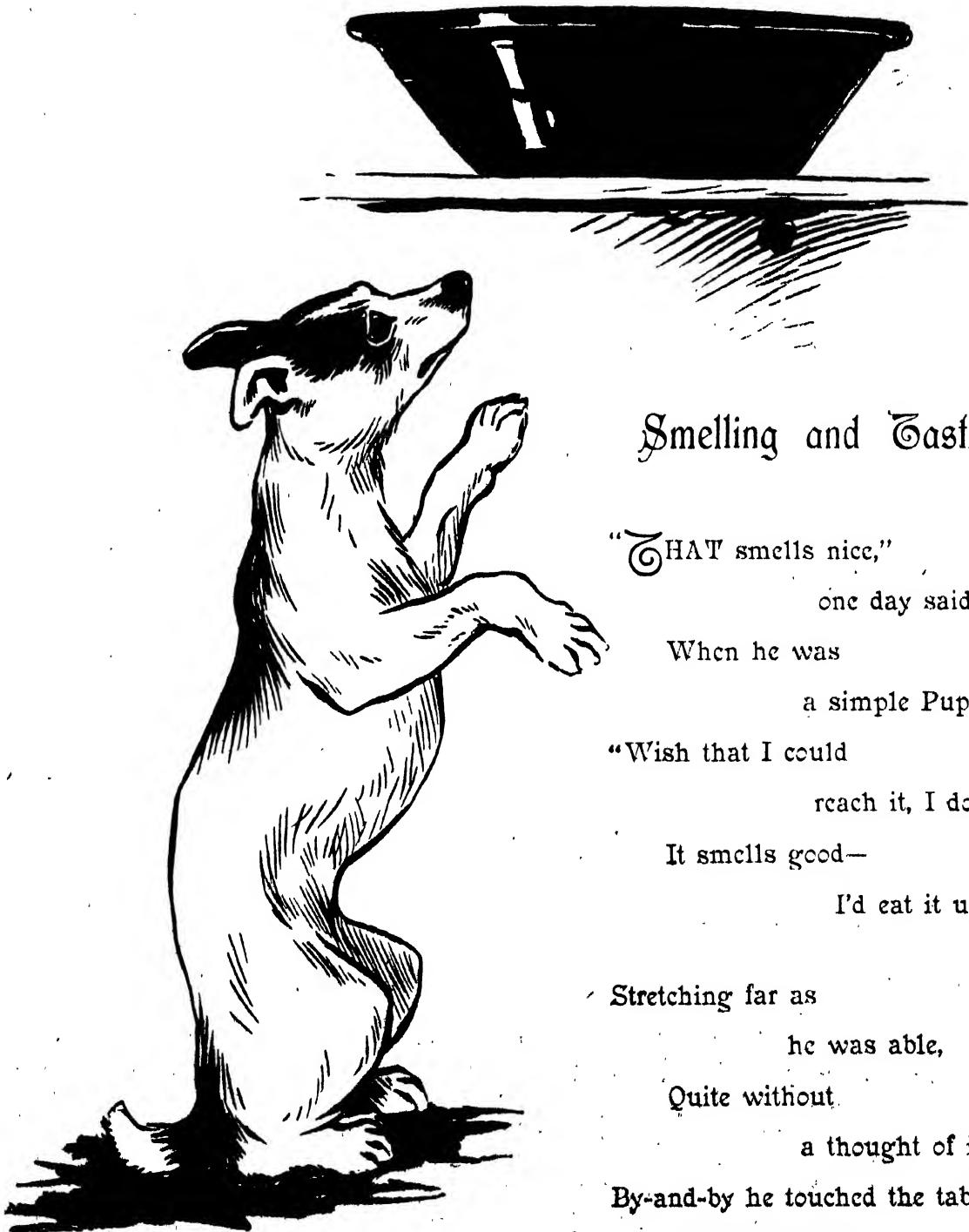
Tommy was angry to see such a sight
Under the garden wall.

"Wait," he exclaimed, "and I'll give them a fright
Over the garden wall!"

Young Mr. Tabby declared it was rain,
Pretty Miss Mew curled her tail in disdain—
If they'd looked up,
they'd have seen very plain

What was
"over the
garden wall!"





Smelling and Tasting.

"THAT smells nice,"
one day said Fido;
When he was
a simple Pup;
"Wish that I could
reach it, I do;
It smells good—
I'd eat it up!"

Stretching far as
he was able,
Quite without
a thought of ill,
By-and-by he touched the table,
And that smell
seemed nicer still.

One paw up, and then the other,
Then he tipped the basin up;
Fido looked and whined, "Oh, mother!"
Such a sad and scalded Pup!

'was hot water—
nice it wasn't,
As he found out
all too well;
e's a wiser Dog
and doesn't
Judge things
always by the smell!



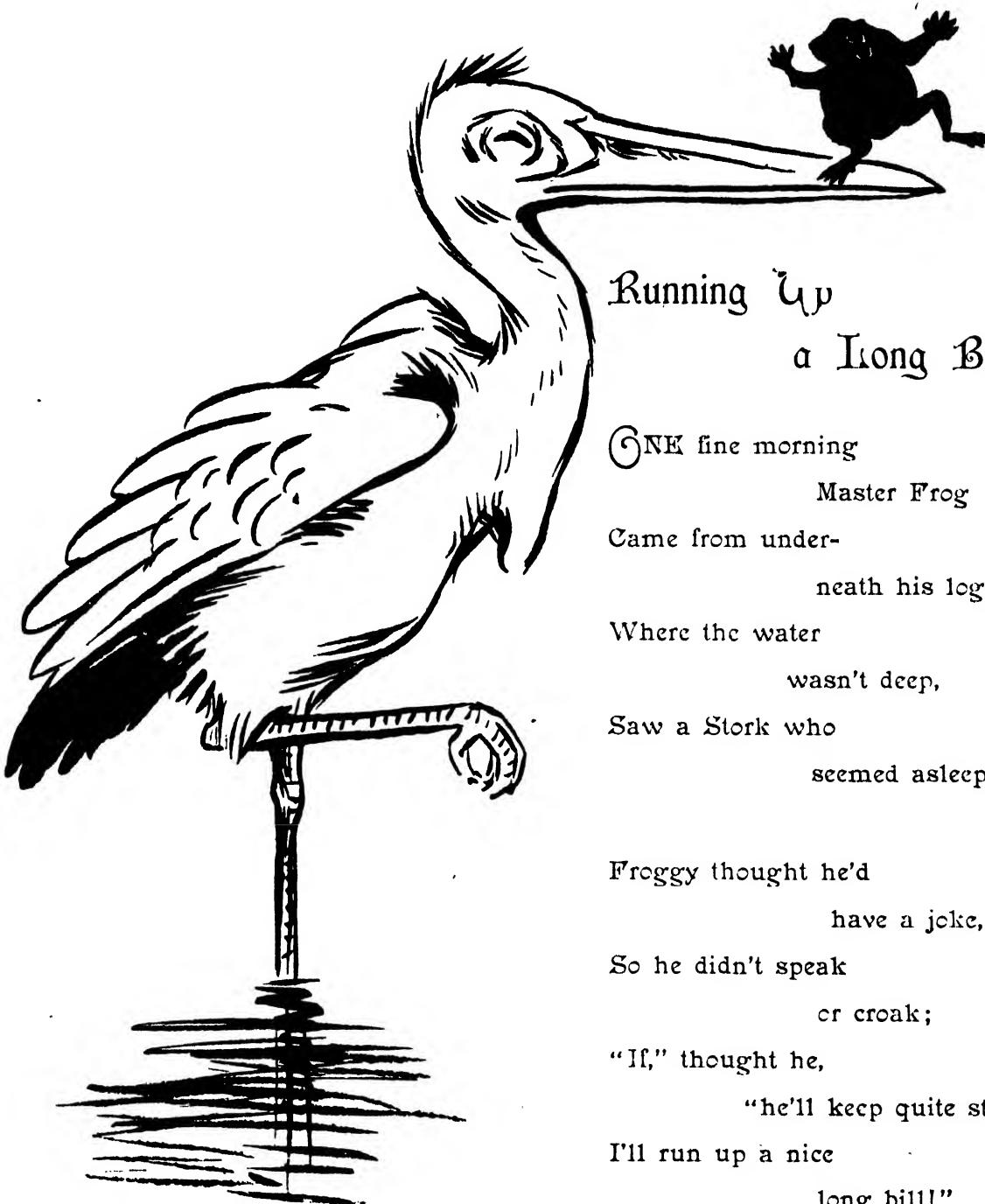
A
New
Tune.



SAID Puss to Tommy one fine day,
There's nothing that I cannot play—
I'm such a clever Cat!"



Tom took a jug of milk, and went
And poured it down her instrument,
And said, "Please play me that!"



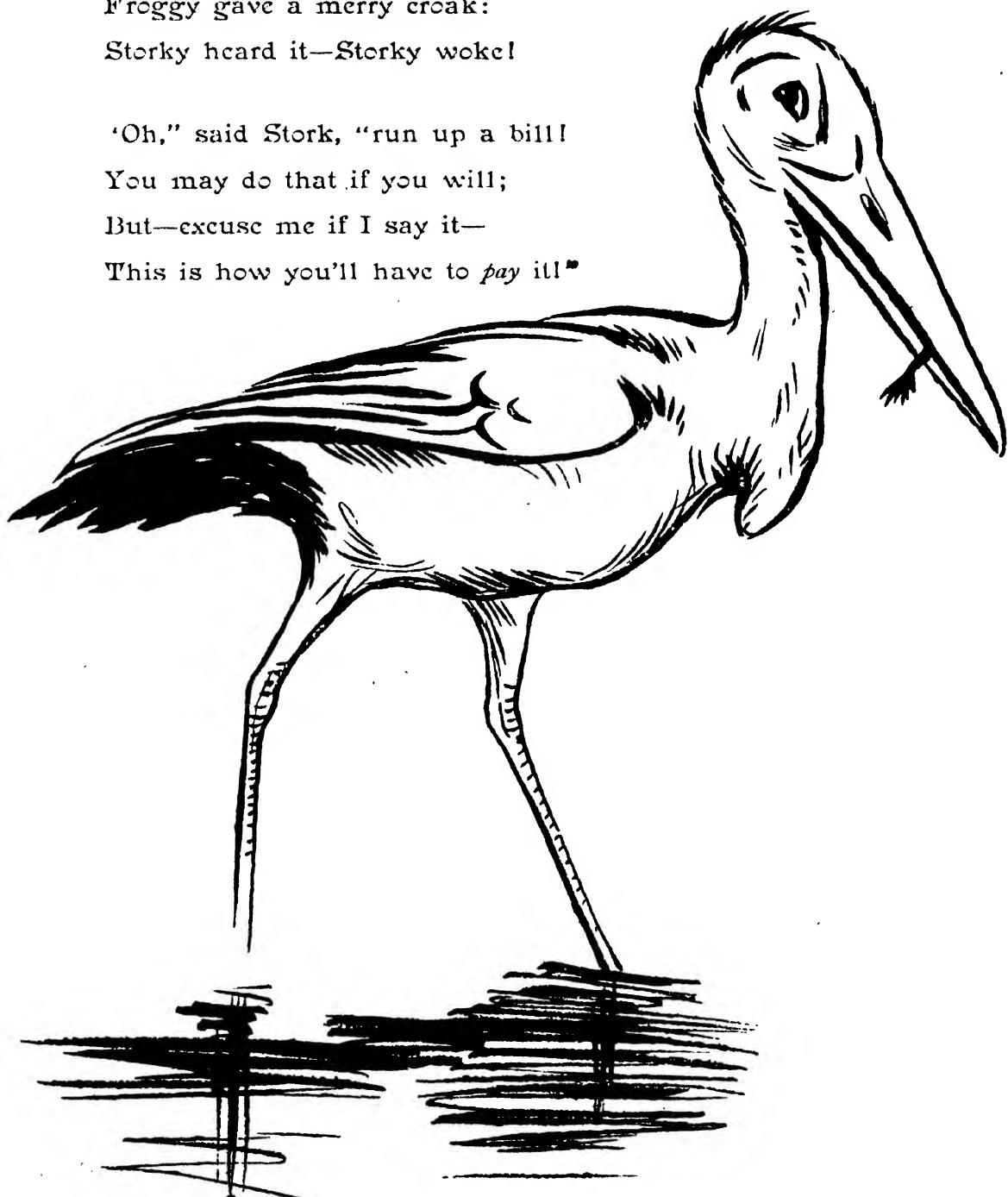
Running Up a Long Bill.

ONE fine morning
Master Frog
Came from under-
neath his log;
Where the water
wasn't deep,
Saw a Stork who
seemed asleep.

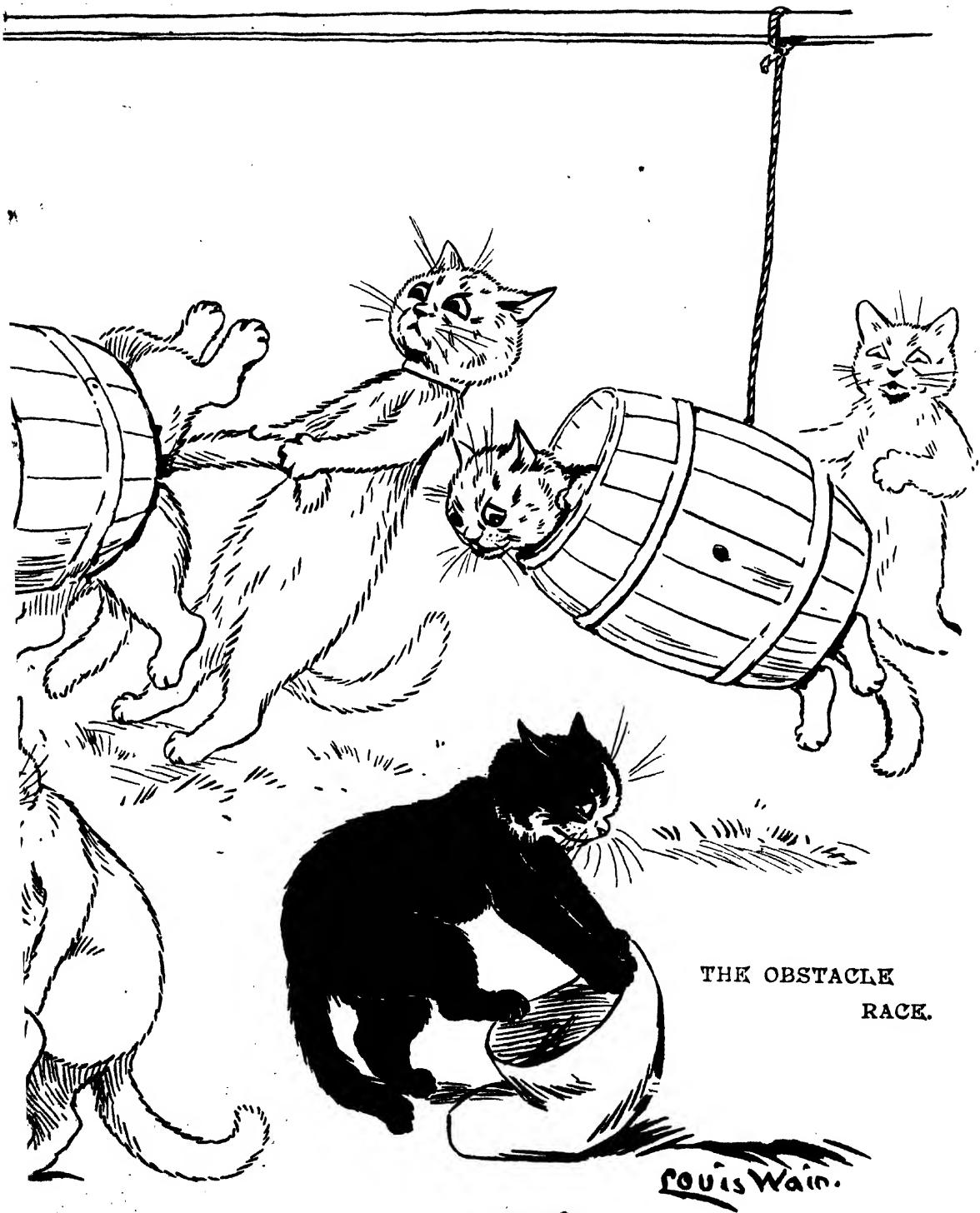
Froggy thought he'd
have a joke,
So he didn't speak
or croak;
"If," thought he,
"he'll keep quite still,
I'll run up a nice
long bill!"

Froggy gave a little dance:
Storky didn't even glance;
Froggy gave a merry croak:
Storky heard it—Storky woke!

“Oh,” said Stork, “run up a bill!
You may do that if you will;
But—excuse me if I say it—
This is how you'll have to *pay* it!”

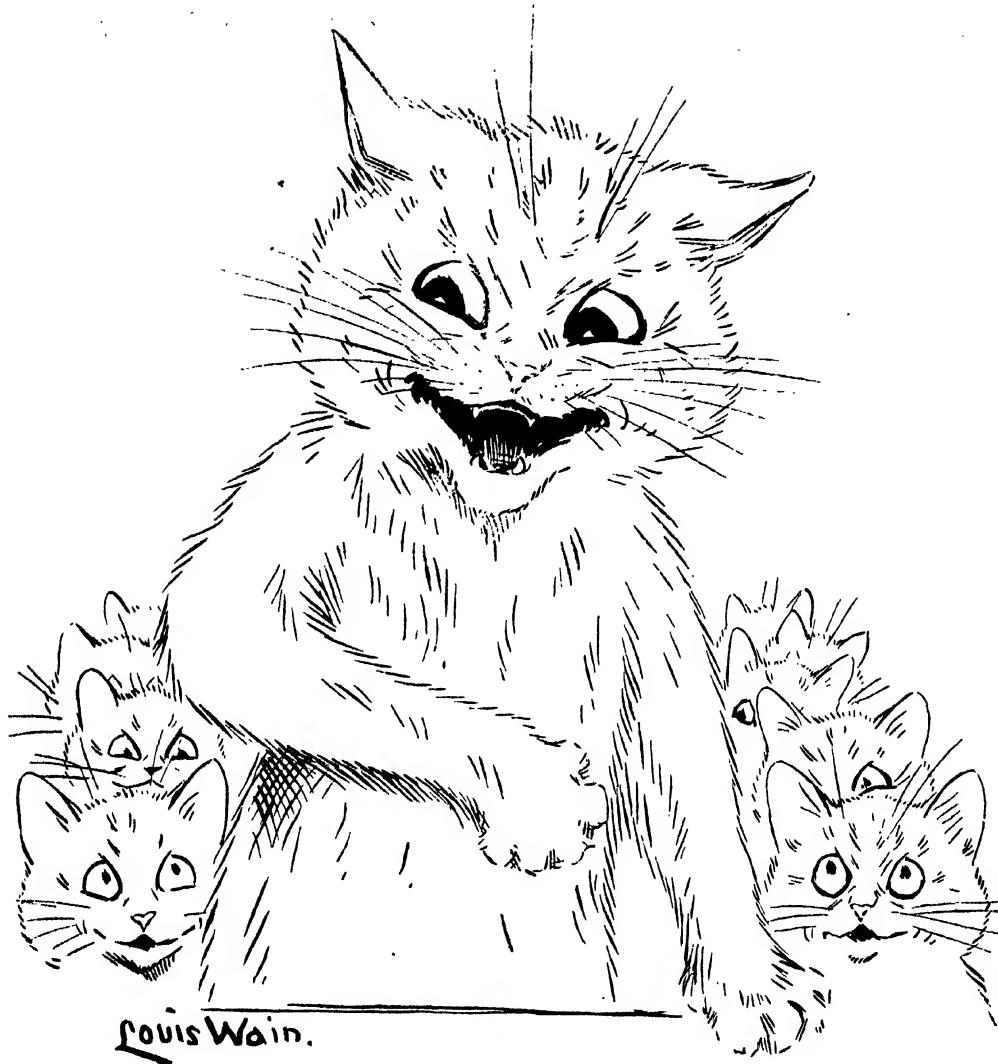






THE OBSTACLE
RACE.

Louis Wain.



Louis Wain.

Very Funny.

HERE was a Cat who always broke
Into a laugh when others spoke,
And cried as if it was a joke:
"That's funny, very funny!"

At Tabby's concert yesterday,
When Whiskers sang a touching lay,
He got up and began to say:
"That's funny, very funny!"

The audience opened wide their eyes
In consternation and surprise;
"Sit down in front," he heard their cries,
But still he said: "That's funny!"

When told that any Cat was ill,
Or lost a Mouse, as some Cats will,
Or got its tail pinched, it was still:
"That's funny, very funny!"

At last the Cats he chanced to meet
When walking out would cross the street,
Quite tired of hearing him repeat:
"That's funny, very funny!"

But when he sees them day and night,
Run round the corners out of sight,
He only chuckles in delight:
"That's funny, very funny!"

So cats and folks, whate'er you do,
If you'd have others fond of you,
Don't do like him, and say or mew
At everything: "That's funny!"



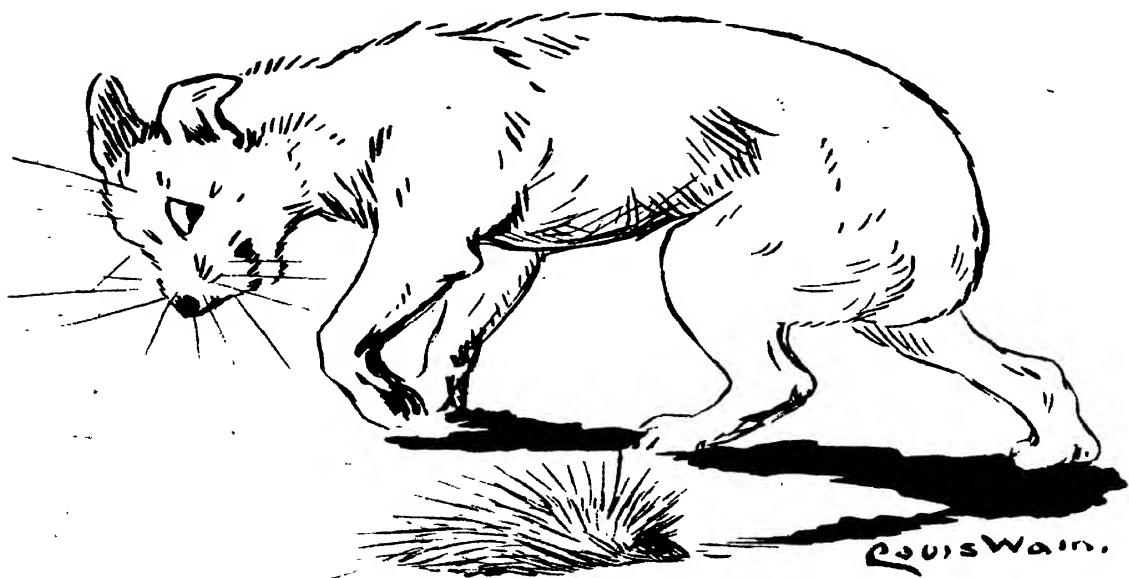
The Porcupine.



¶ Hi! what a very fatal thing
Is curiosity—
You want to know the ins and outs
Of everything you see.
In proof that this is but the truth
A little tale I'll tell
Of what, through being curious,
To Pincher once befell.

He found an animal most strange;
It seemed so soft and small
That Pincher felt quite sure that it
Could do no harm at all;
He smelt at it, and gave a growl—
'Twas something new to meet;
Then thought he'd take a bite and see
If it was good to eat.

But when he nearer to it came,
And touched it with his nose,
The quills stuck out all over it
Like points of pins in rows!
They pricked his nose
and mouth and tongue,
And made him howl and whine,
And now he does not pine to meet
Another porcupine!





Champion.

"I'M the champion of the
sixth form,"

Said Tom, "so well I box;
All other Cats I conquer,
I give them such hard knocks!"

"I've Icarnt the art of boxing
In manner most complete!"

"That's not pluck,"
said his schoolmates;
"It's nothing but conceit!"

But one day to the playground
There came a new boy Cat;
Said the champion of the sixth form:
"If you want to fight,
take that!"

Then the new boy put the gloves on,

With a quiet sort of air;

"Oh, gracious!" said his schoolmates;

"He's champion, so take care!"

But that artful little new boy,

When he got a chance, let fly;

And gave that conceited champion

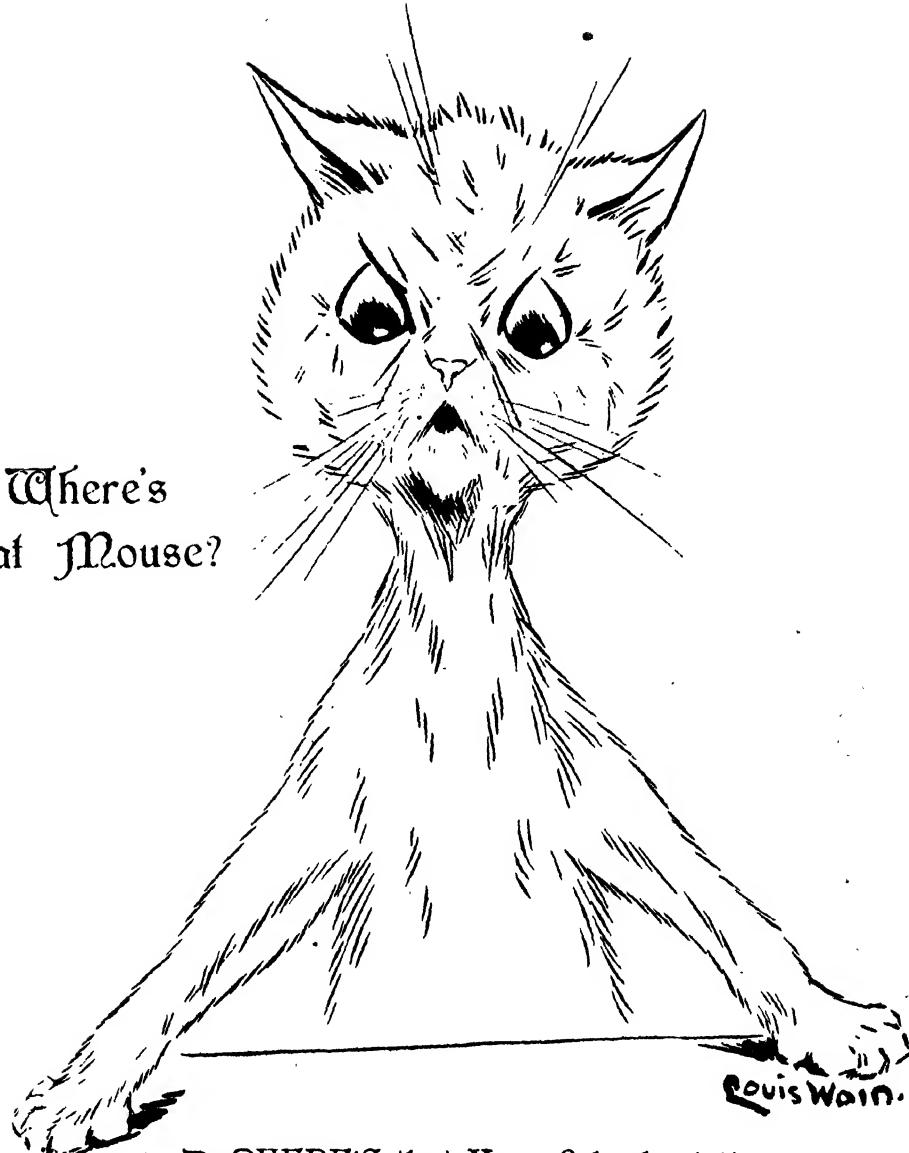
A champion black eye!



A Mouse in a Bundle of Hay.



YOU may talk about needles
In bundles of hay;
I'm a Cat of some learning
And this let me say:
There's nothing so hard,
In or out of the house,
To find in a bundle
Of hay as a Mouse!



Where's
that Mouse?

louis wain.

WHERE'S that Mouse? hark at that--
And I'm such a hungry Cat;
Hark again—scratchy-scratch:
How I long that Mouse to catch!
Give it up? No, not I,
Though all day in wait I lie! †

